Toronto Saturday Night.

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Around Town.

I was talking the other day with a cynical friend about the disgrace and death of poor Parnell. "It proves," said he, "that a good man is never forgiven for doing a bad thing. All that was the matter with Parnell was his unflinching patriotism and the purity of his life previous to his downfall. If he had been a thoroughly bad man in his private life people would have got used to it and the Kitty O'Shea episode would not have surprised them. If he had been in the habit of going out and having a rollicking time with his friends, they would have called him 'one of the boys' and stuck to him when he got in trouble. He was too rigid, too clean, for after giving the whole of his brilliant public life to his country a flaw in his private life seemed monstrous. If a public man wants to be safe from being scandalized, he should profess nothing and live up to it. Just look at the horrible things for which some men are forgiven. They are so well known that to bring a charge of indecency against them is to repeat an old story. The 'gang' all stick to them and when an accusation is made the boys exclaim, 'Oh, that is a chestnut. He is a good fellow anyhow; a heap better fellow than you are or you wouldn't go round talking about his private life.' If a public man tries to be good he has got to be real good. He should not begin it without being sure he can carry it out. If he lives fifty years as clean and decent as a man possibly can and makes one little skip, people all jump on him and never let him up again."

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It is a fact that some men are condemned and hounded to death for a fault which in a public sense is trivial compared with a dozen things we may have forgiven other men for. Some men may write and say things which are accepted by the public as clever and original though they are very shady, while if other men said the same things and said them even better, a storm of indignation would break out at once. Did you ever notice the festive youth who seems to be careless of public opinion in the drawing-room, in the presence of ladies and gentlemen, how his highly colored remarks are laughed at and he is spoken of as a very entertaining and amusing young fellow? If another man who is always well behaved and careful not to give offence tries to say and do the same things, his name at once is erased from the invitation lists of all his acquaintances. Then some women can do the most outrageous things and not only escape criticism, but be voted "awfully jolly." Other women who have never caused a particle of scandal and who deserve no such treatment, are frowned at and listed as "dangerous" if they omit the slightest conventionality. Those who are in the habit of showing their contempt for public opinion seem to escape criticism more than those who are always living in fear of being talked about. It is said that an actor or public speaker can never be thoroughly successful until he has acquired a hearty contempt for his audience. A man who is afraid of his audience can never control those who hear him. He must naturally feel careless of what will be thought of him or by becoming inspired with his subject be made forgetful of his hearers in his enthusiasm or devotion, or else his speech will fall flat and be as ineffectual as the recitation of a frightened school-boy. No man can maintain his self-respect if he wantonly outrages what other people hold to be decent, but if within legitimate lines or bounded by the extreme license allowed to genius he continually dares criticism, people cease to waste their scolding on him. It is the horse that we are afraid of that always throws us or runs away with us, for even the dumb brute knows when he who should be his master has not nerve enough to hold the lines, to say nothing of using a whip.

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I know some people who are always so afraid that they shall be misunderstood or laughed at that they are afraid of their own servants, and are consequently being continually misused and treated with contempt by menials. They are afraid to go into a store and ask the price of anything and go out again without buying something. If they cannot find what they want they permit an officious clerk to force them to take something which they know will not do as well. They pay more than the thing is worth because they have not confidence enough in themselves and their knowledge of what they want, to insist upon obtaining the article at a reasonable figure. These unfortunate people never get what they want but are always foolishly paying a high price for what they don's want. They permit public opinion or the opinion of people who have no right to control them in the slightest, to make them unhappy and dissatisfied. Of course it is very easy to go to the opposite extreme and become overbearing and contentious, yet the majority of good-natured, kindly-hearted people are victimized and made thoroughly miserable by a lack of esteem for themselves and disregard of those who insist on helping them to mind their business.

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I hear new rumors that Ontario's Mr. Meredith has consented to enter the Ottawa ministry. I hope for the sake of the country that he will make the sacrifice and be the leader of this province at Ottawa. He is exactly the clean, lovable man who could hold the Ontario Conservatives together, and at the same time cleanse the public business from the barnacles which have fastened upon it at the capital. If D'Alton McCarthy would accept the leadership of the Opposition in our Local Legislature it would do a vast deal of good, and he would be premier of this province after the next general election. It has been said that there are no clever Conservative members to assist in the task of reforming our Reform government. Dr. Preston of Leeds, Clancy of Kent, and Whitney of Dundas are all able and honest men. H. E. Clarke of Toronto has as much ability as is shown by those below Messrs. Mowat, Ross and Fraser. Kearns of Halton, Dr. Willoughby, Dr. Wylie, Marter, Miscampbell and McCleary are all able and honest men and rank above the following of Mr. Mowat who are outside of the Cabinet. Mr. Meredith has been too generous with his opponents, too anxious to serve the province by attending to the details of legislation to make such an onslaught on the Government as will be needed to overturn it. With D'Alton McCarthy at the head of the Opposition we would have a legislative fight such as is badly needed, for I am not amongst those who think there is no rottenness concealed beneath the so-called Christian statesmanship of Mr. Mowat and his friends. I am much mistaken if during the next session there are not disclosures which will be quite shocking to those who think we are governed by truly good men. The cyclone of scandal began at Ottawa and it is likely to overturn the alleged Liberal government at Quebec. The storm will not pass over Toronto without upsetting things and disclosing to us the inner workings of our political angels. There were revelations enough in the license system had public opinion been as excited then as now, to damn those who engineer this dangerous political machine. I hear that in that direction and in another large matter Mr. Mowat's government will find plenty of work for themselves when the House meets.

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It is being freely stated that Mayor Clarke will for the fifth time be a candidate for the mayoralty. His friends and opponents alike appear to base their expectations of his candidacy on the same grounds occupied by the boy who was trying to dig out the groundhog, when the passer-by remarked that he would never get it. "Get it! Got to get it. We're out of meat and got a preacher in for dinner." The story is old but the application is satisfactory. Nor is Mr. Clarke the first politician who has stayed in office so long that it seemed to him impossible to earn a living at anything else.

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In view of the fact that the redivision of the city gives the citizens an opportunity of providing themselves with a different and better class of aldermen, and that the new influences at work should make it easy for a proper mayor to be elected, I suggest the following as an address from the throne to be delivered by our new Burgomaster to our new aldermen when the Council assembles in 1892:

Gentlemen of the Council:

It is with pride and pleasure that I assume the chair in this Council Chamber of the city of Toronto. Not only because this city is large and great, but because the election which has placed us here is expected to inaugurate a new era in the history of Toronto.

It would be inexcusable egotism for me to assert that I have a greater knowledge of civic government than is possessed by the most modest gentleman, elected by the smallest majority, who sits in this chamber with me.

It would not, however, be unseemly for me to assume that my duty here is wider and my powers should be more extended than those of the most popular alderman or the most influential official.

Even after we have re divided the city it must remain a fact that the mayor is the head of Toronto's executive power, and where interests conflict that power must be exercised in the most impartial spirit.

This city is over assessed, and worse still, it is over-taxed even on the amount of the assessment. Something must be done to reduce the rate of taxation on the actual value of the holdings of the citizen. If this is not done there will be an abandonment of property in this city startling to those who have not been engaged in speculation as well as disastrous to those who hold property on margins which could be easily wiped out by a paralysis of civic progress or the excessive exactions of municipal extravagance.

We must proceed on the basis that Toronto has made enormous strides during the past ten years and her rapid advancement has involved the construction of streets, sewers, sidewalks and lighting apparatus far beyond the capacity of the citizens to maintain. It is impossible to overlook the fact that the owners of central property who have obtained no great advance during the boom are the chief sufferers from the excessive taxation caused by the rapid and illegitimate extension of our suburbs. Local improvements have exceeded the necessities either of the owner or tenant and must be curtailed. The center of the city must be looked after, our business arteries maintained and the general attractiveness of the city increased. To do this it is necessary that those who have obtained streets, gas and electric lights, sewers, sidewalks, and a right to pay taxes in what deserves to be nothing but a farming community, be compelled to maintain such streets as they do not find it to their interest to permit to fall into the condition of a country side-road. It is evidently impossible to equitably tax the center of the city while sacrificing it to the interests of speculators who have increased our borders to an unwarrantable extent.

It is not generally understood that the vast burden of building, repairing and maintaining unfrequented streets falls upon the ratepayer who imagines that because he has paid for his house and the local improvements in front of it, his taxes should become moderate and his burden less galling in course of time. The enormous amount of property belonging to churches and religious societies remaining untaxed in this city, cannot longer be a burden upon those who are not responsible for the setting aside of this land for religious purposes. Those who have been instrumental in building expensive churches, many of which are plastered over with heavy mortgages, must bear their own burden of taxation, and it is the duty of this Council and it will be especially my effort to obtain power to tax every church, church society and institution on the same basis that affords us an excuse for burdening the private citizen. By this means the rate on the dollar will be largely reduced, the burden equalized and the erection of costly edifices the increase of which is certainly not needed, made more difficu t.

With regard to charities, I must urge that every dollar of the people's money voted to institutions for the maintenance or relief of the poor, sick or unfortunate must be expended by trustees appointed by this body instead, as heretofore, of being placed at the disposal of sectarian institutions and irresponsible societies.

It does not require the observation of a commercial expert to find out that times are hard not only in this city, but elsewhere within the Dominion. Salaries are being decreased and valued employees discharged in the most stable and progressive of our commercial establishments. It is improvident and unnecessary to maintain that within the civic departments those who once obtained employment are thereupon entitled to consider themselves pensioners who must be provided for out of the public funds. There are many men employed in the civic departments who are overpaid, whose term of office and political influence have alone entitled them to a salary far exceeding their deserts. These salaries should be reduced, while the payments made to deserving officials whose services have warranted an increase should not be subjected to any cheese-paring policy.

Heretofore Toronto has suffered because the suburbs controlled by speculators have absorbed all the money possible to expend on progressive works. It is time that the city proper be endowed with sufficient of the public funds to take upon itself the appearance and to provide itself with the roadways and pavements necessary to a commercial metropolis such as Toronto has become. Instead of starving and weakening the action of the heart which should send blood throughout the whole civic system, it should be the policy of this Council to assist those who have borne the heat and burden of the day to make this city attractive to commercial enterprises, manufacturers and tourists. Instead of building block pavements where there is no excuse for anything but a country road; instead of supplying electric lights and gas lamps to the goose pasture and the barnyard, it is the duty of this Council to so improve that portion of Toronto that meets the eye and secures the approbation and residence of those who must add to our financial and commercial stability.

I ask each gentleman to enter earnestly into the problem whether this is a country village or the second city in the Dominion of Canada! If we have passed our formative and precarious period we must take upon ourselves the duty of making Toronto an attractive place to visit and a profitable place to live in. It will be safe for us all to leave questions of morality, temperance and religion in the hands of those numerous organizations which have heretofore excited more enthusiasm than the desirability and permanence or civic institutions. Religion is a matter between man and his God; morality is a matter between man and man; civic government in order to be effectual must confine itself to the necessities of the community, the enlargement of its prosperity, the extension of its commercial and industrial institutions, the preservation of peace and order, the creation or extension of attractive features, in fact, the bringing here and the retaining here of all such elements as are likely to increase our numerical and financial strength without aggregating an element disturbing to those who, with their settled convictions and methods, are already established.

There was established under a previous administration a department which has been gradually acquiring bureaucratic powers and insolent manners, a so-called morality department. While we must esteem all efforts to promote decency and morality, it appears to me an improper invasion of the power and rights of the individual that an officer and squad of men have been enabled by individual apathy to constitute themselves a court without appeal, in which private virtue or suspected unchastity may be dealt with in such a manner as to disgrace everyone upon whom the hand of this tribunal has been laid.

With regard to Sabbatarianism this Council has nothing to do. There is a divergence of opinion in clerical as well as lay associations, as to the lines which should be laid down. This Council must deal with all questions from a purely secular and commercial standpoint. Individually we are restrained far too much by the prejudices, nationality and creed of those who elect us to office. As far as possible we must divest ourselves of fear, for the man who enters the public service has no right to seek a safe political future, but to honestly engage himself during the term for which he has been appointed or elected. Blue-laws have been found retrogressive and unworkable in every other portion of the world, and while Toronto has prided itself upon being the exponent of official goodness its records do not prove an increase of either public, private or political chastity, and we must do our best, without unnecessarily outraging public opinion, to range this city in the procession of progress, leaving questions of purity to the individual and to those social and religious societies specially organized to work on these special lines.

With regard to improvements such as the reclamation of Ashbridge's Bay, it is certainly outside of the limit of good sense, to say nothing of official propriety, to begin works of this kind without a definite knowledge of their cost and a reasonable idea as to their probable profit. The Don improvements were begun in the spirit of "Hurrah boys, let's do something!" Land damages, expenses, benefits were apparently all forgotten in the idea of doing something. If we endeavor to reclaim Ashbridge's Bay we must not be carried away by the clamoring of those locally interested or the importunities of men who feel that their election or re-election depends upon a benefit to an especial locality. Furthermore, we must listen with a certain amount of incredulity to the complaints of those who have observed alluring stretches since their noses have been sharpened to the possibility of illegitimate profits. If a work of this sort is undertaken it must be surrounded by all the safeguards necessary to render the city non-liable for damages or those indirect things which favorites and partisan contractors rely upon for their sustenance.

In order to make this Council most effectual my recommendation is that it shall attempt to do less. So long as inexperienced men control committees and pretend to direct the operations of departments, such matters must be mismanaged. It is not the duty of the citizen to elect those who are expert in the laying of sidewalks, the building of sewers, the putting down of pavements, but to place in nomination such men as will protect their interests, not from a scientific or technical but from the people's standpoint. This Council heretofore has been filled by men who claimed to have a specific knowledge, and when approaching their constituents they have alleged themselves admirably adapted to the watching of a certain phase of public business. Results have proven to us all that these men have been entirely useless. Stone masons have asked to be elected to watch over the stone interests of the city; builders have promised to do wonderful things if placed in the Council; workingmen have aspired to aldermanic honors on the ground that labor should not be forgotten. On this point I especially direct your attention to the fact that the interests of the laborer should never be forgotten, yet the representative elected is often the last man to urge the sensible thing when his co-laborer needs protection. It is impossible in a city of this size, or of any size, to elect specialists. Consequently it should be the aim of this Council to place the administration of departments in the hands of those who are experts, and I regret that circumstances and the misunderstanding of a contract as well as the somewhat arrogant position assumed by one who has been an honest and efficient public servant, has made the late Council retrogressive in this matter. Engineer Jennings was an improvement on the old system, and we must place every department under the control of an efficient man, though he must be limited by an appropriation, before we can successfully conduct public business. Aldermen cannot be expected to be road engineers, or waterworks engineers, or sewer engineers, or city solicitors, or market experts, or anything of this sort. It is at this point where the ignorant and the unfit have a pretense to enter this Council. Men claim to have a special knowledge and the people believe them and elect them. Their special knowledge, as a rule, amounts to nothing but a tendency to adapt their knowledge to their personal benefit. Every department should be managed by an official who understands his business, has charge of his subordinates and is personally answerable to those who are elected as representatives of the people. The election of an alderman should mean nothing beyond the idea that he represents what the people want. He can never represent what the people know nor what is departmentally required, but when a department is properly officered he represents the people when any extension of power, any appropriation of money is called in question.

It is useless to discuss the old system because everyone knows how it worked. Under the old management of affairs those who wanted friends appointed on the staff of any department condoned the offences and increased the unworkableness of the department by their importunities. All this must cease. When a department is in the hands of a man who knows his business the aldermen have no right to force nephews and cousins and municipal asses upon him.

To repeat a remark I made before, the first step of this Council is to attempt to do less. The next step must be the appointment of men who will do that portion of the Council's business which it is unable to attend to. This means the appointment of proper persons to the headship of each department. After this, as representatives of the people, we may watch these departments and do our duty without wasting all our time. All our time is wasted which is not spent in doing that thing which we know how to do, and all that representatives of the people can expect to do is to present the proper idea of those who elected us to those whom we have appointed to execute our desires.

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I regret that I am unable to sign this document with the name of the new Burgomaster. He has neither been elected nor nominated. The only aspirants in sight are those self-appointed men who always seek for place and are invariably unfit to occupy it. We have not had an especially brilliant Council. Everything indicates that the most objectionable and least useful of the members of the old Council will constitute the next one. Nobody is taking any interest. The Board of Trade quarrels over Engineer Jennings, hoots and yells and has a night of it and then quits. John Ross Robertson and his *Telegram* have done much to create the present crisis, and yet they seem unequal to present a reasonable solution of the difficulties which they have aggravated. If John Ross Robertson himself runs as mayor I will support him with all my might, but I am entirely unprepared to support his nominee, because he will have to choose as the rate-payer will have to choose, from amongst a lot of mediocre aspirants, miserable fellows who are unfit to occupy any such place. Those who want to be mayor of this town have no doubt a claim upon it for a cot in the hospital or a room in the Home for Incurables, should they become paupers, but nobody has any claim upon a city like this except the claim that they can do it good, and that claim should be backed by proof that they have tried to do good for those institutions wherewith they have been allied. Nearly all the acuteness of the present situation, I reiterate, has been caused by John Ross Robertson and the *Telegram*, which is but his voice. What has he to offer? No man but a nihilist claims a right to agitate without proposing a remedy. Surely he does not propose Bob Fleming as a remedy. We have had blue laws and fanatics and temperance-crazy men enough. Now we want a business-man, somebody who knows something about something. We have pandered to every section of the community. What we ask now is a REMEDY. We want no more guff about what is right and what is wrong. We want a way to do it and a man to help do it. Is it to be Jimmie Beaty, or Ned Clarke, or Bob Fleming, or some other footsore aspirant for political or municipal honors?

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There are several ways of making the situation less oppressive. The Board of Trade and the Trades and Labor Council and the Citizens' Protective Association and all those organizations which mean well but have never acquired any municipal influence, might have a joint meeting and nominate men for the positions in the wards which are likely to be vacant unless the one-horse representatives of an old scheme

IN HIDING.

and a bad *regime* are counted in. There was a time when the Citizens' Association might have done something, but it climbed a tree and pulled the tree up after it. There is another way still. If there is anything that is authoritative and well recognized in Toronto it is the political machine. It is much abused, and yet it is after all worthy of more respect than is paid to it. We have an opportunity of entering into the promised land; how are we to choose those who go out to observe it for us? Let the Conservatives and Reformers of Toronto elect delegates to a convention in the primaries as they do for a political nomination; let them choose an equal number of men so that in caucus and in alliance an equal number of representative Reformers and representative Conservatives may choose a chairman and thereupon nominate aldermen from the different wards. I believe in politics. I believe that the caucus and the convention introduce better men than nominate themselves, and in municipal affairs we have left every egotistical ass to produce himself as a desirable candidate. With the Reformers and Conservatives equally divided, with a nominating committee to ask the consent of desirable men, with the approval of these committees we might drag out some men who would never think of offering themselves. We don't want experienced men. The great, good Lord only knows that we have had too much experience and too little sense. We want men to go there who are aware of the fact that they don't know how to conduct public business, and will seek out and find men who do know how to do business. These men will be placed at the heads of the departments and the representatives of the people can then act, not as specialists, but as legislators, as advisors. It is that they can do except give the mayor veto power and arrange for a president of the council so the mayor may not be bull dozed by having to control a municipal bear garden.

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There are some men who can always be relied upon to say and do absurd things in every particular crisis when the sensible and prudent man remains in his seat and keeps his mouth shut. Eminent among these distinguished people the Rev. Dr. Parsons looms up as a patriarch of those who make themselves obnoxious by forgetting to mind their own business and keep their mouths shut when they have nothing to say. His sermon on dancing, recognized at the time as a most distinguished example of clerical indecency, has not yet faded from the memory of the newspaper readers of this city. At the regular meeting of the Presbyterian Council of Toronto, held last Monday night, the chairman asked for a subject of discussion at the next regular session. Dr. Parsons, with that exuberant readiness characteristic of a man of small calibre and large bore, proposed as a subject "The relation of church members towards organizations outside of the church." He explained that he meant all those societies that did not require those joining them to be members of an evangelical church. "Such societies as the Masons, Oddfellows, Foresters and others of a similar character," so the report in a daily newspaper says, "were formed with a grain of morality covering up a multitude of sins. He could not see how members of the church, who gave themselves and all they had to Christ, could consistently belong to the societies mentioned. If a lodge night came on Wednesday they would not attend prayer meeting." Dr. Caven, with that fine irony which found a sphere of such great usefulness during the last contest for the Ontario Legislature, asked if Dr. Parsons included political organizations as those outside of the church, but we are not informed as to his reply.

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I like a man who is a specialist in any given line, and it cannot but be gratifying to well informed people to observe the spontaneous and complacent way in which the Rev. Dr. Parsons rises to his feet and proves that he is old enough to know better. Now if organizations "outside of the church" were to insist that their members must belong to an evangelical church, they would have an interesting time in deciding what is an evangelical church and what business men like Dr. Parsons have to exclude from evangelical organizations other bodies of religionists who are serving God according to the dictates of their conscience and such knowledge as they have been able to procure. Of course they could apply to Dr. Parsons as religious censor, and the denominations that he would certify to as correct might be held to be orthodox. Still, there are people who are struggling blindly along the rocky roads of this earth who have never heard of Dr. Parsons, and they might not be able to decide this question. Still, a man may often be properly condemned for not only disregarding what he knows, but for a failure to know what he ought to. In this connection it might be remarked that a man's eternal salvation is not real safe unless he knows Dr. Parsons. Any one who can get hold of Dr. Parsons' fat hand and follow this well fed and self-delighted cleric, has nothing to fear. When this reverend gentleman makes an ass of himself he does it within the Westminster Confession, and when an outsider occasionally considers him guilty of insolence and snobbery and religious fanaticism, the outsider is at once informed that his place is with Beelzebub, and he is entitled to nothing but a red-hot lot in hell. Of course Dr. Parsons belongs to the societies that he has denounced. If he is not a Free and Accepted Mason he has no right to talk about Masonry as a society with "a grain of morality covering up a multitude of sins." If he is or has been a Freemason and talks that way about the society he belongs to or has belonged to, he is the first of the kind that I have been able to discover. The same may be said of his connection with other societies. The Oddfellows and Foresters, the United Workmen, the Royal Arcanum, and all these benevolent institutions which have a little vein of secrecy running through them are of the devil, according to Dr. Parsons. I congratulate the Devil. He always was a lucky fellow, and if these societies are of his instigation and are engineered by him Dr. Parsons ought to make application, and if he can escape black-balling and be initiated he would learn more of benevolence, and that "religion pure and undefiled before God and the Father which is this, that ye minister unto the widow and the fatherless in their affliction," than he now knows. Moreover, he might learn more with regard to the control of an unruly tongue in a benevolent society lodge in one night than he has learned in a whole Presbyterian lifetime. In these lodges and in the conclaves of the masters and grand masters, white hair and ruddy complexion and well fed pomposity have less influence than they appear to have in Knox Church, or this reverend slanderer would cease to fulminate concerning things of which he is so poorly informed or to which he is so maliciously opposed.

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Rev. Dr. Parsons may be a very good man. The fact that he is a Presbyterian clergyman would have inclined people to that belief if he kept his nasty talk from getting into the newspapers. As it is, those who do not sit under the ministrations of this bay-windowed enclosure of a guest of the east wind, wonder how he can collect a salary or retain his audience.

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What is the gist of this whole business of clergymen fighting everything that puts its nickle in the slot outside of the church doors? We may presume that Dr. Parsons has given up everything to Christ, to quote his words, except his salary and those particular things which fatten him into a nuisance to those who believe in men minding their own business. This city has been in the past preacher and priest-ridden to a degree. If we have to apply to the Rev. Dr. Parsons for an affiliation card in some evangelical church before we can become members of a Masonic body or Oddfellows or Foresters, the Sons of England or the Sons of Canada or any of the societies which are presumably doing a good and benevolent work, Toronto would then for certain become the holiest show this side of the holy coat. More startling still obtrudes upon our fancy the fact that if Dr. Parsons is to be given control of religious warrants, heaven will contain nobody but God and the Rev. Dr. Parsons.

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The anniversary of the Battle of Queenston Heights was well and properly celebrated. This country need not be afraid of too much militarism. Occasionally a clerk in a dry goods store or a timekeeper on a drain or a snob of some sort having become an officer in the militia, may prove unfit for the place by insisting on wearing his uniform in season and out of season and blowing his bugle where said bugle ought not to be blown, but we can stand all the patriotism we have got, all the military impulse we have. The boys can stand all the drilling they are getting and a great deal more, for physical culture is one of the things neglected in Canadian schools. I often think that Inspector Hughes should have ordered a smaller mouth for himself, for he is one of those men who make a greater disturbance on the surface than the steam power below should suggest. Yet who is there to sit in judgment upon him? He may be seeking notoriety. That is neither your funeral nor mine as long as he is properly earning his salary and doing good to the rising generation. It is very immaterial to us whether Inspector Hughes has ulterior objects in view as long as the best sense we can command endorses the methods he is using now. He has enthusiasm, and God bless the man that has that in a good cause. He warms the boys up and makes them feel near to him. They experience the delightful sensation of following a leader. The tendency of the whole business is good. I think myself that Inspector Hughes is better fitted for leading boys than he is as a general of men. He is in his right position. He may develop himself far beyond it, but we in Toronto should be grateful that we have a man so thoroughly well fitted for the position of inspector as is James L. Hughes. He may be smarter than we think him and yet not nearly so smart as he thinks himself, still he is smart enough to be a first-class inspector of schools in the city of Toronto and is able to join in the enthusiasm which makes our boys a proper party of Canadian enthusiasts. This is enough and this is good enough. It is a grand thing, and I am glad to hear of General Hughes and his brigade of school youngsters turning out, whether it be to celebrate the anniversary of the Battle of Queenston Heights or to celebrate the fact that the boys feel good and think they can march and ought to march.

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Social and Personal.

It is to be hoped that fine weather will welcome Lord Hawke and his English team of cricketers when they arrive here on Monday next in order to play a two days' cricket match versus the Gentlemen of Western Ontario. The match is to be played on the Rosedale lacrosse grounds and a large number of the fair sex will doubtless be present. The team representing Canada has been carefully chosen and an interesting match should result.

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Mr. A. M. Cosby will entertain Lord Hawke and his English team at dinner on Tuesday, October 20.

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Mrs. Beardmore of Beverley street will give a dance on Tuesday evening, October 20, in honor of Lord Hawke and the English team.

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Mrs. Burton of Wellington street gave a small tea last Wednesday afternoon.

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Mrs. A. M. Cosby is giving a large At Home to her friends to-day.

*

A large and brilliant gathering was present on the occasion of the first prize day and reception in the new building, held at Upper Canada College on Wednesday last. The proceedings were presided over by the Hon. John Beverley Robinson, and among a large attendance of ladies the following "old boys" and others were noticed: Sir Daniel Wilson, Principal Caven, Hon. G. W. Ross, Hon. Richard Harcourt, Hon. A. S. Hardy, Hon. J. M. Gibson, Rev. Dr. Scadding, Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, M.P., Dr. Larratt Smith, Rev. Dr. Potts, Mr. William Wredd, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Mr. J. Herbert Mason, Prof. Ashley, President Mills of the Ontario Agricultural College, Rev. Dr. Parsons, Mr. D. R. Keys, Mr. W. B. McMurrich, Vice-Chancellor Proudfoot, Rev. A. H. Baldwin, and of the college staff, Principal Dickson, Mr. W. S. Jackson, dean of residence, Messrs. A. A. Macdonald, G. Sparling, A. H. Young, A. Hull and others. In the large audience were Messrs. S R. Richardson, M.D., William H. Doyle, James Scott, jr., E. H. Jackes, Joseph Jackes, Arnold Morphy, D. B. Read, Q.C., R E. Kingsford, W. R. Harris, Pedro Alma, Thomas S. Reid of Bermuda, James H. Richardson, W. L. E. Marsh, C. Exerton Ryerson, G. H. C. Brooke, William Wakefield, G. N. Reynolds, William Freeland, W. H. Beatty, Q.C., N. O. Walker, Percival F. Ridout, Henry W. Peterson, W. T. Boyd, William McMaster, Colonel Fred. Denison, Revds. Clarence W. Ball, T. W. Paterson, and H. C. Dixon. The following young gentlemen took special honors in the prize distribution: T. H. Hilliar, J. L. Bryant, A. S. Mackay, A. C. Hardy, A. F. Blair, F. G. Leslie, Eric, Armour, J. Counsell, W. W. Edgar, J. H. Mullin and others.

*

During the afternoon the Old Boys' Association was revived and elected officers as follows: Honorary residents, Rev. Dr. Scadding and Principal Dickson; president, W. T. Boyd of Toronto; vice-presidents, Judge Kingsmill of Walkerton, Chief Justice Armour of Cobourg, Mr. H. W. Paterson of Guelph, Sureon-General Bergin of Cornwall; secretary-treasurer, Mr. W. J. McMaster; committee, Mr. Nicol Kingsmill, Q.C., Col. F. C. Denison, Mr. Joseph Jackes, Mr. D. B. Read, Q.C., Mr. H. E. Kingsford of Toronto, Mr. E. O'Reilly of Hamilton, Mr. C. F. Gildersleeve of Kingston.

*

The elections of the Young Liberal Club were held on Monday evening last. The Yeigh ticket, which included Messrs. Frank Yeigh, Frank Pedley and T. W. Gregory, was elected by a large majority. Perhaps it was over confidence that killed the Cameron ticket, Messrs.

MR. FRANK YEIGH.

M. G. Cameron, W. J. Elliot and William Mulock, jr. Mr. Mulock, through his own indefatigable labors, polled the largest vote of those on the vanquished side. A portrait is presented of Mr. Frank Yeigh of the Crown Lands Department, the new president, which his friends will recognize as a good one.

*

Miss Campbell held her first reception at Government House on Wednesday afternoon. Notwithstanding the unpropitious weather, a large number of visitors called. Refreshments were served in the prettily decorated conservatory. A great many Torontonians have not yet returned, and doubtless the later receptions will be much more largely attended.

*

Mr. W. Tyndall Gray will spend the winter months at Denver, Col., as his present health compels him to get out of reach of our low temperature. He will likely do some writing for the papers there.

*

Mrs. W. Rathbun Hees of 29 North street will be At Home to her friends on October 14, 15 and 16, from four to seven o'clock.

*

A very pleasing event took place at St. Mark's church, Parkdale, recently, the occasion being the marriage of Miss Lillie Maud Beasley, eldest daughter of Mr. M. B. Beasley, to Mr. John Rough of Messrs. Donogh & Oliver. The bride was very prettily attired in a navy blue traveling costume and was assisted by her sister, Miss Annie Beasley. The groom was supported by Mr. Herb. Beasley. After the ceremony luncheon was partaken of at the residence of the bride's father, after which the happy couple left on a tour of the western cities.

*

Mr. Bruce Bailey, one of the engineers of the Mexican Southern Railway, with headquarters at Puebla, Mexico, is visiting his parents at 211 Carlton street. Mr. Bailey was for several years engaged with his father on Canadian Pacific Railway engineering. He is now one of the rising young men on the road to fortune in the south.

*

Mr. and Mrs. G. G. LeMesurier have taken a house on St. Mary street, where they are now residing.

*

Mr. J. D. Maclennan, late of Toronto, and his bride have returned from their European honeymoon. They have taken up their residence at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, where they will remain for the winter months.

*

The committee of the Driving Association have decided to hold only one meeting weekly for the rest of the season, viz, on Thursday afternoons from 4 to 5.30 p.m.

*

Dr. and Mrs. Montmambert, late of Quebec, have taken up their residence in Toronto. Their many friends will be very glad to hear that they have settled down amongst them.

*

One of the prettiest weddings ever celebrated in Creemore took place at St. Luke's church on Wednesday, October 7, when Miss Allena Lucy (Fanny), eldest daughter of Dr. Dack, was united to Percy Bolster of Elphinstone, Man., fourth son of the late William Bolster of Fullerbay, County Limerick, Ireland, and cousin of Sir George Owens, ex-Lord Mayor of Dublin. On the arrival of the bridal party the choir sang that beautiful hymn, The Voice That Breathed o'er Eden. The youthful and lovely bride came in resting on the arm of her father, who gave her away. She presented a most striking appearance, being attired in an ivory brocaded satin and henrietta costume made *en train*, and wearing the customary veil and orange blossoms, and it was generally admitted she was the prettiest bride Creemore had seen for a long season. She was attended by her sister, Miss May Dack and her cousin, Miss Agnes Bolster of Orillia, both looking charming in costumes of cream India muslin, with pink sashes and Cleopatra hats to match. The groom was ably supported by Mr. Herbert Page of Elphinstone and his cousin, Dr. Bolster of Duntroon. The interesting ceremony was performed by Rev. H. B. Owen of Unionville, assisted by Rev. C. H. P. Owen, incumbent of St. Luke's. At the proper time the choir chanted the Deus Misereatur. After signing the register the bridal party repaired to the residence of the bride's father, where a sumptuous *dejeuner* was partaken of, after which the wedding presents were viewed and admired. They were very numerous, and included a pretty tiny curl from an admirer of four years, and a beautiful silver tray, suitably engraved, from the young gentlemen of Creemore. The young couple left on the four p.m. train for a short tour preparatory to taking up their residence in Elphinstone, Man.

*

Mrs. T. Fred Webb and daughter, Miss Rosaline, of Avenue road, have returned after a three months' absence in American cities and the upper lakes.

*

The Harmony Club held a meeting last week to discuss the advisability of having the usual performance during Christmas week in lieu of the end of the season as heretofore.

*

Mr. William Batt of Manchester has been in Canada for the past three weeks, and found warm welcome amongst the many friends he has made in this country during his annual visits. He sailed for home by the Cunarder this week.

*

Dr. Wylie, M.P.P. for West Simcoe, has sold out his large practice in Stayner and has taken up his residence at 685 Spadina avenue. The doctor is a most agreeable and popular man, and he and his family will be warmly welcomed to Toronto where already they have many friends.

*

A large and fashionable party accepted Mr. Torrington's invitations to hear M. Boscovitz render numerous pieces on the pianoforte, an instrument of which he is thoroughly master. Amongst those who were delighted by the musical treat were: Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Mrs. C. J. N. Sterling, Mr. and Miss Boultbee, Mr. and Mrs. Bourlier, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdougall, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison.

*

Captain French, who has been visiting his aunt, Mrs. Kenneth Mackenzie, has gone to British Columbia.

*

Miss Manton sails to-day for Liverpool in the Circassian. Miss Lilian Manton will join her in London, and the sisters will proceed to Paris, where Miss Manton will resume her art studies.

*

Mrs. Alan MacLean Howard had a charming tea on Wednesday last.

*

Mrs. Barrington Nevitt's tea on Saturday last was a great success.

*

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Dewart are now residing at No. 27 Grosvenor street.

*

Last week saw all the West Point Islanders in town, leaving Mr. William Armstrong and family sole occupants thereof. Mr. Armstrong was the original settler on Toronto's Coney Island and is usually the last to leave in the fall.

*

Dr. Sheard returned to the city from the Island fully determined to again visit Tallamore next season.

*

The Lakeside Home, with their eighty children and nurses, are still quartered at their summer home awaiting the completion of their Toronto hospital.

*

Rev. G. Macbeth Milligan and Miss Milligan left last Thursday for Kingston for the opening of the new science hall in connection with Queen's University. They will be the guests of Prof. Marshall while in that city.

*

Miss K. McDonell's many friends regret that her visit to Toronto has drawn to a close, she having returned to her home at Thorold on Tuesday.

*

On Monday, Nov. 2, a piano recital for the benefit of the Homœopathic Hospital will be given by Miss Irene Gurney, assisted by Mr. Douglas Bird and Mrs. Adamson.

Government House
TORONTO

Miss Campbell will be at home to receive visitors on the first and third Wednesday of each month, between the hours of five and six o'clock, until further notice, commencing with Wednesday, October 7. By command,
FREDK C. LAW, Commander R. N.
Official Secretary.

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JUST ARRIVED
Swede Mousquitaire Gloves
In all the newest shades.
Special Lines in Glace for Fall Wear
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Our Dressmaking and Millinery Department
Is now open with a full line of all the latest novelties. We are showing some very elegant materials for
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Hear beside the Steck the now justly celebrated
NEW SCALE DOMINION PIANO
Also the old reliable
DUNHAM PIANOS
Sole agents—
FARWELL & GLENDON
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Warerooms: 68 King St West.

Polish Your Furniture
WITH
Housekeepers' Brilliantine
It gives a better polish with less labor than any other furniture cream ever sold.
Get a FREE SAMPLE and prove this for yourself. (Regular size 25c.)
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ALL THE LATEST DESIGNS
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INVITATIONS
To Weddings, Dinner, Dance and Juvenile Parties
Menu Cards, Visiting Cards, Ball Programmes, Etc.
THE MOST FASHIONABLE PATTERNS
JAMES BAIN & SON, 39 King St. E., Toronto

Some Trimmings and Furbelows.

TO those who raged in secret at the last fashionable fancy of wearing colored bits of glass beatrewn over laces and dress garnitures, it is good news to chronicle the exit of the Rhine stone and its sister "jewels." A good test of the good taste of a fashion is to criticize it, on its stray appearance, after the *mode* has changed. The Grecian bend and the balloon crinoline only dared common sense and decency through the confidence inspired by the numbers of their slaves; once the feminine world revolted, these two absurdities were placed in the list of *taboo* with well deserved scorn. But see the neat Princess bonnet and the modest fichu, even when their fashionable life is over, how they hold always their own innate dignity and womanliness. Apply this test to the outrageous jeweled laces and tawdry tinsel of the past few months, and one realizes how savage and barbarous have been our tastes in make and material, and one promises never to do it again, knowing all the while that in a couple of decades our elderly heads will carry duplicates or exaggerations of the fashion we now flout with the scorn of second thoughts.

•

In place of the barbaric finery of colored glass and gold wire come the softly nodding ostrich tips, the rich and chaste passementerie of cord and braid, and the sparkling cut jet and steel. These have been, of course, and will still be, the mode, and they find good field for display on the plain dresses and natty little pointed hats and bonnets that now hold the glass to fashion. Brocade is creeping back into favor for dark colored gowns, being employed as vest material on the French coat basques and as panels for the skirts. A black lace evening waist, over a silk slip, has bustelles of cut jet passementerie and a fringe of flat pendants round the puffed short sleeves and the half length bodice.

•

I saw a handsome striped costume, in broad bands of silk and velvet, which was made with the plain French skirt slightly trained, the basque severely moulded to its wearer's perfect form and fastened on the left shoulder and under the arm. The skirt was very loose about the waist, dropping some two inches below the waist line, and hooking over the basque. It was finished with a deep frill of black velvet, instead of a band, and gave a very trim and taut effect to the slim waist which it encircled. Not a bead nor a button was visible anywhere, and considering the heading of this column, my mention of this costume isn't very appropriate, but in fashions, as in poetry, perhaps a little divergence from strict consistency will be allowed.

•

I saw a dainty little silk beaver hat in black, made in the pointed crown with a rather narrow brim, which was pinched up at the back. The trimming was a border of fluffy gray fur, and several rich loops of gray silk velvet, and at the summit of the little cone-shaped crown nodded two soft gray ostrich tips. I watched the ladies who came to try on the various shapes and styles, and noticed that nine out of ten who were posing and gazing looked well in this gray and black hat. The soft border of fur, though slightly suggestive of pussycat, was so becoming and softening to even the most uncompromising nose and chin.

•

Now that the "calling" season has begun, madame will be interested in the question of card cases, which are announced to be larger than before, necessitating also a larger card, or perhaps I have put the cart before the horse, and it should be that cards are larger, and consequently card cases. A neat visiting card (and these trifles have their fashion as much as have the gowns of their owners) should be of medium weight, severely plain, and containing, beside the name and address of the caller, a mention of the day on which she will be at home to receive her friends. An at home day should be conscientiously adhered to, and no offence taken if on other days madame sends the conventional reply to her caller, "Not at home." One afternoon in each week is enough time to devote to the reception of society friends, and although it is awkward for those hostesses who have the same "day" to call upon each other, still, as they should live in the same neighborhood, they can usually catch each other on other days, and have besides numerous chance meetings which are denied to more remote friends.

•

A serious fault which one has to find with many hostesses is the affable and self-satisfied way in which they unload a cup of tepid and undrinkable horror, called by courtesy five o'clock tea, upon their unsuspecting callers. Of course, no one wants tea at every house. Fancy the outrage to one's dinner and the tax upon one's digestion, which would attend the consumption of ten or twelve or even infinitesimal cups of as many different brews, during the ordinary routine of an afternoon's calling! But when one has pleasantly declined the proffered refreshment half a dozen times until one's regular hour for indulging arrives, and one decides to accept and enjoy the next cup offered, it is trying to receive a diminutive thimbleful with the careless remark, "I'm afraid it is a little cold!" and to imbibe a mouthful of mawkish, sodden, half dead mixture, that all one's politeness cannot smile at. And this fault does not belong to the impecunious and would-be smart hostess, but one suffers from it in the gilded halls of fashion where the tea costs away up in three figures the pound, and the cup one loathes was made in the quiet basements and gloomy furnaces of Sevres, at a price which takes away one's breath.

•

It is not a mistake to take a little trouble on at home days, to have fragrant coffee and whipped cream or delicate aromatic tea, piping hot and passing strong, with suggestions of cakes and hints of macaroons, dainty and crisp, and not liable to injure the faint-tinted gloves of the most utter society dame.

LA MODE.

New Lines of Activity for Women.

Since the English have experimented satisfactorily with feminine sextons and bell-ringers, and in Chicago a young lady is employed on salary as a "pastor's aid," it appears rational enough to believe that two new channels of industry have been opened for female energy. Indeed, recognizing the strong religious sentiment that inspires many women and their ardor in all concerning church work, the new movement seems eminently proper. Not only enthusiasts, but the larger proportion of the sex feel strongly on matters relating to church institutions and temporal affairs. In every parish the buildings are more or less supervised by women, who, in chancel, choir, and improvement committees, labor faithfully for the mundane good of both temple and priest.

Why, then, a strong-armed woman would not be fittingly employed calling the congregation to service and preparing the place of worship beforehand, it is hard to see. Women are physically equal to the labor required, and would make quite as acceptable sextons as the majority of men.

As for lay curates, this Chicago innovation is worthy of all praise. The introduction of women preachers is yet too new for general acceptance, and even the broadest minded view so radical a measure with disfavor. But as an assistant, a young, vigorous woman prepared for the work and filled with love for her calling would prove of benefit to any parson and parishioners.

She would bring to her labors a devotion, a sympathy, and a tenderness rarely found among men to day; and now, when all the churches are complaining loudly of the scarcity of theological students and young divines, a fem n ne re-enforcement of the ranks might be strengthening and stimulating.

A Last Wish.

He (tremblingly)—I have one last wi-wish to ask you be-before we part in anger forever.

She (sobbingly)—Wha-what is it, Geo-George?

He—Wi-will you me-meet me next Th-Thursday as u-usual?

She—I wi-will, George.

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The favorite plant for table and parlor decorations. Fine health plants from $1.00 up. Palms two feet high for $2 50. Having imported a very large stock of Palms, we are able to sell them at a much cheaper rate than ever before offered in Toronto. Also

Choice Roses, and all other seasonable flowers always on hand. Bridal Bouquets and Wedding Decorations a specialty. Floral Tributes of all kinds made on short notice.

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WE respectfully invite your attention to a new and choice selection of

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Pattern Bonnets Hats and Toques

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Parisian Novelties IN Veilings, Trimmings ETC.

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FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY

Ladies will find it an advantage to inspect our goods before purchasing elsewhere.

Miraculous Water IS USED FOR Removing Pimples, Blotches, &c., and for beautifying THE COMPLEXION

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Armson & Stone.

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PEOPLE like candor. Catchy talk may catch for the once, but it is not lasting. The plan of this store is to be frank with every shopper.

We want to tell you of Mantle Cloths that stand, in quality and price, out of the usual run of such stocks. It's to your interest to see these goods if your thought is of buying Mantle Cloths.

Mantle Cloths, Twilled, Navy, double width, $1 25 a yard.

In colorings black and blue will hold up the fashion into season. A line of plain beaver and plain serges, in double widths, will make up nicely, and with the particular goods we're showing there'll be no disappointment.

Beautiful line of Sealettes.

Sealettes will be widely worn, and the more so because of the specialty that this store is making of this particular class of goods.

Curly cloth, or Astrachan.

You know the goods without any description from us. Our remark is that the quality is dependable, and the price is altogether in your favour.

Our stock of Mantle Cloths.

This is all we've to say of Mantle Cloths. We know the stock is to shopper's liking.

R. SIMPSON

S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto. | Entrance Yonge Street. Entrance Queen Street.

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Fans and Perfumes New Veilings

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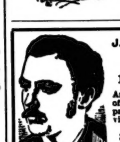

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"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE"

Save a Doctor's Bill

By sending your defective Rubbers, Shoes, Rubber Cloaks, Rubber Coats, Mackintoshes, etc., to be repaired and be ready to defy the wet and stormy weather.

All Kinds of Rubber Goods Repaired

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The public will find my establishment the best and cheapest place in the city for

Fine Fur Goods

Seal Garments a Specialty

Perfect Fit Guaranteed

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WILL SHOW ON MONDAY

400 NEW PATTERN MANTLES

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Extra Value

Magnificent Display of Millinery

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LADIES' HAIRDRESSING

The Most Important Factor of Personal Appearance and Refinement

Is yet neglected by a great number of fair ladies of Toronto.

With the hair a lady can make herself look old, young, attractive, pleasant, severe, unpleasant or repulsive.

There is no excuse for a lady who spends hundreds of dollars on a dress for a ball or party whose hair is most unbecomingly dressed.

Hairdressing is an art, and requires a long and experienced study of the shapes of heads and faces, as there are not two alike.

Ladies desiring their hair dressed during the Winter Season in the

Latest Styles for Balls, Soirees, Weddings, Theater, Concerts, Photos, etc.

Are kindly requested to make their appointments a few days in advance so as to avoid disappointment.

Handsome and pretty Hair Ornaments.

Hair goods ready-made or made to order in all styles.

Hair Dyes and Hair Dyed in natural or fashionable colors.

Fine Perfumery and Toilet Articles in great choice.

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DORENWEND'S

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All the Leading Retail Dry Goods Merchants Throughout the Dominion

Have You Any Horses?

Have they hard or cracked hoofs?

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ARE THEY TROUBLED

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USE DENSOLINE HOOF OINTMENT

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THE PEER AND THE WOMAN

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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CHAPTER VI.

A STRANGE CONVERSATION.

Situated as our cottage was at a considerable distance from any thoroughfare, our blinds were always left undrawn, and our windows wide open in order to enjoy as much as possible the faint but fragrant night breeze. And so from the edge of the shrubbery fringing the lawn where I had taken up my station, I could see with ease into the room where my father and his guests were.

At the further end Mr. Brown and my father were examining together a little pile of musty volumes, which I recognized as part of my father's choicest stock of rare books and first editions. Both seemed entirely engrossed in their occupation, and my father was evidently holding forth concerning his favorites to Mr. Brown with considerable warmth. It is strange how his appearance changes at times. Then, with his lips parted in a slight smile, and a bright keen light in his eyes, he seemed transformed. Although his face was aged and his brow furrowed, their disfigurement appeared more like the becoming traces of a studious life than the indelible marks of a deep sorrow and an ever-torturing anxiety. His upright mien, too, gave him a greater air of dignity than was usual. It was evident that in the keen enjoyment of conversation with a sympathizer in his literary tastes, he had forgotten for a while that other portion of his life which at times laid hold of him so powerfully, and which seemed to oppress him like a nightmare, I could not keep back a sigh of regret as I looked at him. If only You knew me, would he always like this! If only that other self, so mysterious, so depressing, would fall away! Life would be a very different thing for me if only this could come to pass. . .

A little way apart from my father and Mr. Brown, and nearer the window, Mr. Carlyon and Lord Alceston were talking together in a low tone. I could not overhear what they were saying, nor did I try to do so. But it seemed to me that their conversation was one of very important one, and I noticed that every now and then Lord Alceston cast a furtive yet impatient glance towards my father, as though anxious to speak with him.

Presently a servant brought in a tray with some tea and other refreshments, and in the slight stir which followed the movement of the occupants of the room were changed.

While everyone's attention was thus momentarily absorbed, I saw Lord Alceston cross the room and whisper something in my father's ear. My father started, and I saw a strange look flash into his eyes and cross his face. He hesitated only for a minute, however, then rising to his feet, he followed Lord Alceston to the window. They stood talking there for a minute or two in a low tone, during which my father was chiefly the listener, and presently they moved forward together as though by common consent into the garden, only just giving me time to get behind a shrub, before they were close upon me.

"Now, my lord, we are secure from listeners," my father said in a low, suppressed tone, "perhaps you can explain yourself here."

"As well here as anywhere," Lord Alceston answered. "I have very little explanation to give, though. I simply want to ask you a question."

"If it is one which I can answer I shall be glad to do so," my father declared, quietly.

"There is no doubt about being able to, Monsieur de Feurget," Lord Alceston said earnestly, "and a great deal to me depends upon your answer. It has reference partly to something which happened a very long time ago."

My father bowed his head without remark, and Lord Alceston proceeded.

"It is a strange thing, Monsieur de Feurget, that you and I should meet here. If what I am told is true, there was a tragedy played out upon that lawn, more than twenty years ago, in which my father was one who figured most unhappily, and there was a Monsieur de Feurget there too! Are you he?"

"Yes! It was I."

My father's voice was calm and expressionless, yet I who was watching him closely could see in the clear moonlight the gray pallor creep into his face, and the old look of trouble into his eyes.

"You were the Count d'Augerville's second then?"

"I was. Not because I had any faith or sympathy in the justice of his cause, but because there was none else at hand; and, besides, he had claims upon me."

"You were a friend of the household, Monsieur de Feurget? You know his daughters?"

"Naturally. I was engaged to marry one of them."

"And you did marry her?"

"I did!"

"It was Marie, was it not?"

"Yes! The other, Cecile, was married to your father."

Lord Alceston paused for a minute, but I knew that the conversation was not yet at an end; that it had not yet, indeed, reached its climax. It seemed to me that he was nerving himself to ask a question, the answer to which he dreaded. At last it came, and I knew that it was right. For his voice had lost the quiet, easy ring, and the words came hastily, almost indistinctly, from tremulous lips.

"Monsieur de Feurget, can you tell me this? When did she—Cecile—my father's wife, die?"

It seemed to me that my father shrank from answering, almost as much as Lord Alceston had from asking this question. A ghastly shade passed over his face, and he turned his head away.

"Lord Alceston, you had better not ask that question—of me. It will be better for you not to know," he said, slowly. "It will, indeed."

"Monsieur de Feurget, I must know," was the grave answer. "It is necessary. Let me put it to you in this way. On that awful night when my father was murdered there was a brutal crime committed in the East End. A woman, an unknown woman, was murdered in a most mysterious manner by a man who it is proved had deliberately sought her out with that intention. You remember this?"

"Perfectly," my father answered. "I have reason to."

"I bet so. You have reason to," Lord Alceston repeated. "You yourself, for some cause or another, were interested in this affair. At the inquest you presented yourself and attempted to identify the dead woman. In this you were so far successful, that on the ground of having met her once abroad, or some other equally insufficient pretext, you were allowed to undertake the expense of her funeral, and not only did you attend it yourself, but you did so in company with your daughter, Mademoiselle de Feurget."

My father's manner was changing rapidly. The unnatural calm had gone, and he looked anxious—even fearful. The tone of his answer, too, was sharp and suspicious.

"How did you know that?" he asked quickly. "My name did not appear in the paper."

"No; because you gave a false one," Lord Alceston answered. "But I knew you may have had very good reasons for doing so! I am not your judge with regard to them. Only I knew. And, now, Monsieur de Feurget," he continued, laying his hand upon my father's shoulder, "tell me this, and for God's sake tell me quickly! Who was that woman?"

Low though his tone was, its passionate intensity lent it an added clearness, and it seemed to me that it rang out into the deep stillness like the weird cry of some solitary night-bird, gruesomely distinct by reason of the absolute silence which reigned around. Who was this woman? The dark pine trees seemed to echo back the question, and it rang and burned in my ears as though a thousand echoes had taken it up and were bandying it backwards and forwards with hideous mocking laughter. Who was this woman? Ay, who was she?

There was a short silence—short, but so intense that my heart crouched there with my eyes fixed upon the two men, I could hear the quick, hurried beating of my heart, the soft moaning of the sea far away shorewards, and even the faint night cry of the corncrake from the distant fields. They were standing out on the path, away from the long grotesque shadows which the clumps of shrubs threw on either side of them, and the moon was shining full upon their white faces, the one stern and imperative, the other impassive or nearly so, only by reason of a violent effort towards restraint laid upon it. Behind them, forming a striking background to the scene, was the dark plantation of thick growing pine trees which bounded the right-hand side of the garden.

At last, to my unutterable relief, my father broke the deep silence. Had it lasted but a few moments longer I must have shrieked, for the tension upon my already overwrought nerves was nearly too much for me.

"You ask that question, Lord Alceston," he said, "with great confidence—almost as though you had some right to ask it. Yet, for your own sake, I would advise you not to press for an answer."

"An answer I will have," Lord Alceston said, his voice trembling with emotion. "I am told Monsieur de Feurget, that that woman was Cecile D'Augerville, my father's wife! Was it so? You know her, and you saw the dead body! Was this so?"

"It was."

There was a brief, but awful silence. Lord Alceston stood with his face covered in his hands for a full minute. I would have given, oh, I would have given the world to have been able to go to him and try to comfort him. But I dared not, though the tears were in my eyes.

"Why did you not identify her?" Lord Alceston asked presently.

My father shrugged his shoulders gravely.

"Who would have been the gainer? I knew that your father had been deceived, and that he had married again. To have published the identity of the murdered woman would have been to bring disgrace upon you, and protited him not at all. Besides, I feared—"

"And, Monsieur de Feurget, how was it that you had any idea at all that the murdered woman in an East End lodging house was your sister-in-law?"

"I will tell you. Just before my wife died she discovered that her sister was still living, and she made me promise to do my best to prevent her from declaring herself, and not to let her come to England if she could help it. I discovered that she had left for London, and followed her. I had almost traced her out when I read of this murder in the vicinity where I knew she was, and an impulse prompted me to go and look at the body. It was a terrible shock to me when I recognized her."

There was a question which Lord Alceston tried more than once to ask, but seemed to lack the courage. At last he asked it in a low, nervous tone.

"Have you any idea, any theory, as to the murderer?"

The question seemed to agitate my father almost as much as Lord Alceston. He was white to the very lips, and for several moments failed to answer it.

"We had better not discuss that, I think," he said, hoarsely. "We may have our ideas. Let us keep them to ourselves. It is not a thing to be whispered about."

Again there was a brief silence, which my father broke, speaking in a somewhat lighter tone.

"Come, let us go inside. I have neglected my guests long enough."

Lord Alceston remained for a moment without moving. Then my father went and laid his hand upon his arm.

"Pray come in, my lord," he said, earnestly. "Remember that we two alone know of this thing, and with me it is buried."

Lord Alceston roused himself, as though with an effort.

"Thank you, Monsieur de Feurget. Yes, I will come in with you. But just one word on another subject. Monsieur d'Aubron was a guest of yours this evening?"

"Yes, he was; but neither a frequent nor a welcome one. In fact, it was his first and last visit."

"I am glad of it. I heard at the hotel that my cousin had been seen playing with him."

"I saw them playing together at the Casino," my father answered, "and heard Mr. Carlyon promise to go to his rooms to-night. I knew that that would be a dangerous visit for your cousin, and he seems a nice boy; so I got them to come here instead, and have had the pleasure of baulking Mons. d'Aubron's little game."

I felt a great sense of relief at my father's words, for I saw that Lord Alceston was satisfied. The two men moved slowly away, and disappeared through the open window. Then I rose up, cramped and stiff, and softly crossing the lawn, made my way to my room.

CHAPTER VII.

A VAIN APPEAL.

I slept badly that night, and remained in my room till late on the following morning. When I descended, just before lunch time, I found my father out on the balcony alone, lolling in a low basket chair and lazily rolling a cigarette. I went out to him at once, full of the purpose which was in my mind.

He nodded a brief good morning to me, and went on with his task. I watched him for a few moments in silence. Then I drew a chair out to his side and sat down.

"I hope you are not going out this morning, *mon père*," I said. "I want to talk to you."

He looked at me searchingly from out of his half-closed eyes, as though trying to read what was in my thoughts. But I had nerved myself to my task, and my eyes met his steadily.

"No, I am not going out yet," he answered. "My time is at your disposal. What do you want to say to me, child? Is it a new dress, or a hat from Madame Faveur's, or a bracelet, or what?"

I shook my head a little sadly.

"It is none of these things, *mon père*," I said. "I have plenty of all of them."

"Then what is it, child?"

I took his hands in mine and stroked them. "*Mon père*," I cried, softly, "I am not happy."

"Not happy!" He repeated the words lingeringly, as though he found some sort of mockery in them. Then he looked steadily at me.

"Will you explain?"

"I will try," I answered, with a sigh, for his manner was not encouraging. "Do you suppose, *mon père*, that a girl of my age can be happy without a single companion or relation, and living secluded under a cloud? No, I am not happy. I am miserable."

"I am sorry for it," he said, a little coldly. "I have done my best for you."

"I think you have, *mon père*, and I am grateful to you, very grateful. But all the same, I am not happy," I confessed sadly.

"Will you try and explain yourself further!" he said.

"I will if I can," I answered. "Let me try and put my life before you."

I was silent for a few minutes, collecting my thoughts. When I was ready to commence, his face did not please me. Its expression was hard and cold, and there was no promise of sympathy in it. But my mind was firmly made up, and no words or looks of his would have stopped me.

"I don't think I remember anything before the convent," I began. "I must have gone there when I was very young indeed."

"You were five years old," my father interrupted.

"Ah! I could not have been older. From the very first there seemed to be something strange about me. The other girls had all of them their fathers, and mothers, and brothers, to talk about, many of them had the same circle of friends, and were always looking forward to holidays and *fêtes* days when they went home or their friends came to see them. With me it was all very different. I alone had neither relations nor friends nor home."

"You had me," my father interrupted.

"Yes, I had you. But how often did you come to see me, and how long did you stop when you did come?"

"I was hard at work earning money to keep you at the convent. Madame Duqeville's charges were not low, and I was poor then."

"I am not grumbling, *mon père*, far from it. I only want you to see how lonely I was then, and how strange my position was. I had no idea even as to what my father's position was, or to what part of life he belonged. Now I know anything of my mother. Sometimes, when I tried very hard to remember a little about my earlier childhood, I had dim—very dim—visions."

I paused, and let my eyes wander thoughtfully away over the pleasant gardens and the dark pine trees, to the long strest of blue sea far away in the distance. My father started a little at my last words, and letting fall his cigarette leaned forward towards me with half-questioning, half-startled light in his dark eyes.

"Visions! Memories! Bah! you can remember nothing!" he exclaimed.

"No, that is true," I answered with a sigh. "There is only one thing I want to remember, my mother's face, and that I cannot. Will I not tell me something about her, *mon pere?*"

He stood over me with flashing eyes and trembling lips

"Marie! Did I not forbid you ever to mention her name! She is dead, I tell you, and that is enough. She died when you were a baby."

"You will tell me nothing about her, you keep me ignorant of everything," I cried sadly. "Oh, *mon pere*, I will complain no longer at our lonely life, I will worry you for nothing. I will content myself if only you will give me one thing—your trust, your confidence. I hear you walk restlessly up and down your room all night long. I see you shun all society and live alone that you may hug the closer some secret sorrow. I see the lines and scars of a great grief written into your face, and I know nothing of it. I can offer you no sympathy, no comfort. I must live on friendless and lonely, miserable in the shadow of your trouble. Only let me really share it, and I will be brave, I will complain no more."

He turned away from me, and shook his head sadly.

"I cannot, child. It is impossible. The weight of it would crush you."

"Try me," I cried eagerly.

"I cannot."

"Then, for God's sake, let me go back to the convent again," I cried passionately. "Let me go somewhere—away from here."

"Back to the convent! No, child, you must stop here! What could you do there at your age?"

"I could teach; teach music and singing and English enough for the little ones. At any rate, I should be no longer a trouble to you," I cried, bitterly.

My father was very pale, and the hand which held his long cigarette shook. At first I thought that it was anger; since I have thought that it may have been some other emotion.

"I am sorry that you are so unhappy," he said, slowly. "I did not know it. It is a new idea to me. I must think it all over, and we must talk again. I will see whether we cannot make some change."

And with these words he left me.

(To be Continued.)

A Second Aunt Jo.

No reader of Louisa Alcott's charming Little Women can ever have forgotten the sweet second sister of the book, whose warm heart seemed to beat in special unison with boys. Brave and little, young and old, pretty and plain, she comforted, coddled, and adored them alike, herself a generous, lovable, spiritual mother to all wayward, lonely youths. It appears now that there is an Aunt Jo in real life, who follows the same methods of the story-character when winning the confidence and affection of lads with whom she is thrown in contact.

Lovers of literature surely recall to mind Miss Mary Porter, the clever author of Place aux Dames, and other graceful trifles. The lady, a cultivated Southerner from the banks of the Teche, has lived abroad for a number of years, and interested herself in London charities. No matter, however, what direction her philanthropy took, her heart always turned to boys, and, finally, for pure love of the labor, she accepted a position as assistant in a big orphanage for boys. Later she taught a choir-school in a rural town of England, influencing and holding every pupil under her care. While engaged in this work she became specially interested in the child of some people about, and out of the liberality of her sympathetic love she adopted the child, and charged herself with his education and future maintenance. Wherever she goes this single end inspires her life, and far and wide Miss Mary Porter is known as the boys' truest, tenderest friend.

Lady Collectors.

Wealthy women have become ardent, even passionate collectors. It is form now to select some one article, and make the pursuit of it a chief end in life. Antique silver, tapestries, and historical fans are decidedly the smartest fads, but competition has excited such sharp rivalry in these three things that an immense income is necessary to get together a respectable assortment. Rings, cameos, miniatures, old ivories, Oriental and Italian embroideries, and rare books have attracted many feminine connoisseurs, whose cabinets are fairly well filled with valuables. The taste is pretty and improving, for to attain any eminence considerable study is necessary, as well as skill, shrewdness, travel, and investigation. Only those who go into the business intelligently can hope to get genuine examples of the art they worship, for clever imitations flood the market—imitations so excellent that even the best informed collectors are occasionally taken in. Prints are possibly the latest fashion, and for the moment vie with musical instruments in holding fickle fancies. An admirable feature of this modern mode of spending money is the benefit museums derive from it in the end. To the passion Lady Charlotte Schreiber developed for getting together historical and topical fans, the British Museum owes its present splendid collection, presented by my lady herself. She has been influential in turning public attention to this sort of thing, and giving many thoroughly bored women of leisure an object to live for.

His Specialty.

"Oh, yes! He's quite a remarkable man. Able to concentrate his mind on one particular subject, no matter how great the crowd and confusion around him. His power of abstraction is simply wonderful."

"What is his special branch of science?"

"Kleptomania, I think they call it."

Ruined His Business.

Mrs. Dogood—Even if you are just out of prison, that does not prevent you from going to work.

Dusty Rhodes—It do, mum; they cut my hair and my business is ruined.

Mrs. Dogood—What business were you in?

Dusty Rhodes—The Circassian beauty line, mum.

An Elevating Institution.

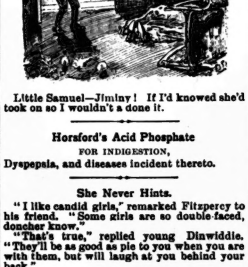
It was in the far west, and some of the citizens were giving their attention to a man who had been stealing horses.

"What organization is that?" asked an eastern man, as the crowd passed. "Some sort of a secret society?"

"Not exactly," was the reply. "That, stranger, is our village string band."

What Will He Grow Up To.

Little Samuel (in apparent distress)—Oh! ow! wow! Mamma, see what Tommy Hopcraft did! (Mamma promptly faints.)



Little Samuel—Jiminy! If I'd knowed she'd took on so I wouldn't a done it.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

FOR INDIGESTION,

Dyspepsia, and diseases incident thereto.

She Never Hints.

"I like candid girls," remarked Fitzpercy to his friend. "Some girls are so double-faced, doncher know."

"That's true," replied young Dinwiddie. "They'll be as good as pie to you when you are with them, but will laugh at you behind your back."

"Yes, and even talk of a fellah and make fun of him to their fwiends."

"All girls are not like that, though," Dinwiddie went on. "Now, there's Amy Gaswell. One thing I like about her is that she is so outspoken. There's no beating about the bush with her. She never hints."

"I'm vewy glad to hear that," added Fitzpercy, eagerly. "She nevah hints at anything, doesn't she?"

"Never."

"I'm glad of that, doncher know, because something happened the lahst evening I called on her, which I thought might have been intended for a hint, but it welleves my mind to learn that she nevah does such a thing."

"What was it that happened?"

"Well, you see it was neahly twelve, and we were talking about push and enterpwise and that sort of thing, and Miss Amy wemarked, 'I do so like a man with nerve go to him,' and just as she said so she looked at the clock. I didn't think anything of it at the time, but it struck me since that possibly she intended it as a hint; but I am glad to be welieved of such doubts, doncher know."

"Did you leave at that time?"

"O, no; I stayed an hour or so longer, and didn't leave till she had yawned two or three times, and I thought perhaps she was sleepy. Then I had some consideweation for her and went home."—*Chronicle Telegraph.*

In the Morning.

"Four years ago," writes Col. David Wylie, Brockville, Ont., May 1886, "I had a severe attack of rheumatism, and could not stand on my feet. The pain was excruciating. I was blistered and purged in true orthodox style, but all to no purpose. At last I was advised to try St. Jacobs Oil, which I did. I had my ankles well rubbed and then wrapped with flannel saturated with the remedy. In the morning I could walk without pain." Many get up and walk in the same way.

A Peculiar Weapon.

A few nights ago the daughter of a well known business man of this city awoke from a sound sleep, thinking she heard some one moving about the house. She arose, and grasping the first object at hand, without noticing what it was, bravely took position behind the door.

She plainly heard steps approaching, and felt sure it was a robber. This feeling was increased when the sound ceased before her door and the knob began to turn.

A moment later the door softly opened and she could see the shadowy form of a man in the dark.

Raising the weapon she held in her hand the bold young lady brought it down which on the intruder's head, and the howl of pain that followed brought others to the room with a light.

With its aid the supposed robber was shown to be the young lady's father, who had been prowling about the house in search of the family cat. The realization of his daughter's bravery proved a sufficient balm for his pain, and he laughingly asked:

"What in goodness name did you hit me with?"

She couldn't tell, but a look at her right hand disclosed the fact that she still firmly grasped her corsets tightly rolled together into a formidable club.

The laugh that followed can readily be imagined.—*Boston Traveller*

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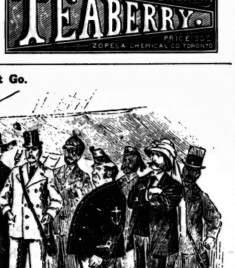
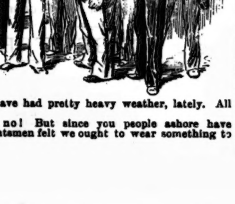


They Must Go.



Mr. Dingy (arriving)—Ah, Hatley, you must have had pretty heavy weather, lately. All your head-gear blown away!

Captain Hatley (of the Whitecap)—No; oh, no! But since you people ashore have monopolized the yachting cap this season, we yachtsmen felt we ought to wear something to distinguish us from landlubbers.

Mistaken.

(Written for Saturday Night by Miss M. C. Doyle.)

"Twenty six years old to-day, that's what you are Florence Wood. Now, what have you got to show for all those years?" This was the way I addressed myself one dull November morning, A. D., 1876.

My home was in the town of Blankville, a very pretentious town for its size. The young-est son of a member of the British aristocracy resided within its limits, and this, as you can well understand, gave "tone" to the society of the place. The learned professions were represented by seventeen lawyers and four doctors, proving that the townspeople were more quarrelsome than unhealthy. The estate attached to the Episcopal church was the only member of the clergy who mixed in Blankville society.

My father, Dr. Wood, had died about the time I reached my nineteenth birthday, leaving a very small estate to support his widow and four daughters, I being the second one in point of age. Amy, the eldest, was a cripple from a spinal affection, and required much care, but was so sweet and lovable that it was a pleasure to wait on her. My two younger sisters were bright, handsome girls, who married early and well.

Nature had not been kind to me. She had made me plain-featured and ungraceful, and to crown her cruelty, had bestowed on me that most unlovely thing in woman, a sharp, sarcastic tongue. I was not liked in society, being too outspoken, too unsparing of other people's weaknesses. Some one has said that a woman's character can best be judged by the remarks other women make about her. Judged from that standpoint, my character was far from being lovely. Women did not like me, and young men shunned me because of my sharp tongue. Older men liked to talk to me until they knew me well, and then they found out that I was hard and cynical, and left me to myself. I knew my faults well, but I did not seek to remedy them; I rather gloried in them.

My mother and I had no sympathy between us; she felt she had a grudge against fate for having a daughter so hard to manage, and the only person who seemed really to understand me, and give me credit for any human feeling, was my crippled sister Amy.

We were not poor, but were certainly not rich, and it exercised mother's most careful management to enable us to keep up an appearance as our position in Blankville demanded. The constant contriving was beginning to weary me, and on this, my twenty-sixth birthday, I made up my mind that something must be done. What? Well, I suppose I must get married, there is nothing else to do here. I could not go into a store, mother would never survive the disgrace, and she might have equally strong objections against my hiring myself out as a domestic. I could not teach, because I could not make children love me. Yes, there was nothing for it but to get married.

Having made up my mind on this point, the next in order was to see whom I might marry, that is, what men were eligible for me to marry.

First on the list came a barrister, of no very brilliant attainments, but with a large income; a good, steady, quiet man of thirty-five or thereabouts, who would no doubt make a very excellent husband, so excellent that perhaps he might grow wearisome. He had a beautiful home, and altogether would suit me very well, but there was one drawback, he had a maiden sister who lived with him, and always would.

Second—George McIntosh, M.D., a middle-aged widower with a grown up son, now away in New Zealand.

Third—Duncan Foster, retired merchant, who had a million dollars invested in bonds and lands throughout the country, and though many matrimonial traps had been set for him, so far they had been in vain.

Fourth—The Curate, the Reverend Theodore Donnelly.

So far so good. The next consideration, and a rather important one too, was which of the aforesaid gentlemen would be most likely to offer me his hand. I was on friendly terms with all of them, but not one had ever given me reason to suppose that he looked on me as anything more than an ordinary acquaintance.

Now, for the battle. I must begin this very day to do it. In the afternoon I arrayed myself in my most becoming walking costume, and went out for a walk. I had not proceeded far before I met Dr. McIntosh, driving accompanied by a very fine-looking bronzed and bearded young man. I smiled sweetly on Dr. McIntosh. "That was not natural in me," I mentally noted. Two or three blocks further on I met Amy Price, who asked me if I had seen Dr. McIntosh's son, who had just come home from New Zealand.

"He is such a handsome man, Florence, and it is such a pity he is only going to stay three days here. He is on his way to England; an uncle has recently died there and left him a large estate; they say he is very wealthy," and then Amy stopped for want of breath.

"It must have been he whom I met driving with his father a few moments ago," I said. "He is quite handsome, I admit; all the girls will be falling in love with him, I suppose. How nice to be a handsome, wealthy young man."

The next acquaintance I met was Miss Wilmot, the barrister's sister, who asked me to come to an impromptu dinner party they were giving for Dr. McIntosh's son.

Of course I consented to go, for was I not on the war-path, and all the individuals whom I enumerated were likely to be at the Wilmot's, and I must overlook no opportunity, however small.

On my homeward walk, I met Duncan Foster and our curate, the latter accompanying me home.

I enjoyed the dinner at the Wilmot's very much. Everyone seemed at his or her best. Young McIntosh was a fine young man, and we became friendly at once. He had seen much and talked well. Once or twice when I was making myself agreeable to his father I felt his dark eyes fixed upon me as though they would read my soul, and I felt a sensation of humility steal over me that was new and strange. I felt that nothing false or mean could stand that searching gaze.

Jack McIntosh did not go away in three days, and rumor had it that the blue eyes and blonde tresses of Amy Price had something to do with his remaining in Blankville.

And how was I getting on in my own case during these weeks? I am ashamed to say that I had shamefully neglected my opportunities; a strange reluctance had come over me.

The days flew by, and one morning I awoke to find that I loved Jack McIntosh with all the heart and soul that I possessed. How I had laughed at the girls who fell in love! I had boasted that I did not believe such a thing existed. "It was all nonsense," I said, "a mere sentimental fancy."

Jack McIntosh had never given me to understand in any way that he preferred me to others, and I would ask myself with bitterness at times: "Where is all your pride gone, Florence Wood, that you have given your heart unasked to this stranger!"

One afternoon some one told me that it was stated that Jack McIntosh and Amy Price were engaged. That evening we met at the house of a friend. Late in the evening he came to the alcove where I was sitting, and taking a seat beside me, said:

"I am going away to-morrow, Miss Wood."

I looked up at him quite calmly and said:

"What a pity you are going so soon." All my former sharpness seemed to have deserted me.

"Why is it a pity?" he asked.

"Oh, because—because—" I felt my face growing crimson—"because everyone will miss you so much."

"I do not care if everyone will miss me, but I would like to know that one will miss me," he said, "and you are the one whom I would like to miss me."

Just then I caught sight of Amy Price, and thought of what I had heard in the afternoon, and looking up into his face, I laughed mechanically, and said, "Really, Mr. McIntosh, you are asking me to do too much."

Before another word was spoken on either side, Amy Price and another young girl came up, and carried us both off to take part in a game that was forming, and we did not meet again that evening. Next morning he left Blankville, and I—my heart was broken.

What did he mean," I asked myself, "by hoping that I would miss him? Could he have guessed my secret and was merely taunting me with the knowledge? No, Jack McIntosh was not the man to do that. Was it possible that he cared at all about me? Amy Price denied that an engagement existed between her and Jack McIntosh. But I was not worthy of him. Well, I must try and get over it; people seldom die of broken hearts in the nineteenth century, I suppose, and I must not do so." But all my logic did not prevent me from feeling very unhappy.

About a month after Jack McIntosh left Blankville, I received a letter from a friend who had gone to New York some time before to take up the profession of a sick nurse. She described her work in such glowing terms that my resolution was immediately taken. I, too, would go to New York, and become a nurse.

Five years passed away, and I was still in New York, notwithstanding the numerous predictions of my friends and acquaintances that I would not remain five months. The profession suited me, and I suited the profession.

I had frequent letters from home. Amy Price had married Mr. Wilmot; Duncan Foster had died, but the interest and Dr. McIntosh were still on hand. Never a word did I hear about Dr. McIntosh's son.

One day came a letter saying the old doctor was dead, and that his son had arrived too late to see him before he died.

Jack McIntosh in America again, and would I see him? Oh, foolish heart, you have not got over that infatuation yet.

"A visitor for Nurse Wood," was announced one day.

When I went down to the hospital parlor, whom should I see but Jack McIntosh, the same Jack, but grayer, older, than when I had seen him last. Neither of us spoke a word for a few seconds, and then he said:

"Miss Wood, I would scarcely have known you but we met by chance."

"Yes, I suppose I have changed," I said. "One cannot bribe time."

"I did not mean that," he stammered, "but you are different—I cannot explain where the difference is. I suppose you will wonder why I came here. My father left you a small legacy, and as I am executor, I have come in person to deliver my trust."

Good old Dr. McIntosh. The "small legacy" was a very respectable sum of money, and one which I intended to put by for a rainy day, when I was a very old maid, and could not work any more.

I saw Mr. McIntosh several times while he was in New York, and before he left, arranged to take a holiday and return to Blankville with him.

I was surprised that I felt so glad to see my old home once more; My mother and sisters received me with open arms, and all my friends were good and kind. Looking back over the years that have since flown, I know that the season I found people kinder than of old, was in great part because I myself was changed.

My holiday was all but over; only one more day remained, and my heart was growing heavy. I went out alone to an old haunt of mine on the river shore, and there sat on a stone and tried to look into the future. I heard footsteps close behind me, and Jack McIntosh suddenly loomed up between me and the sky. "A penny for your thoughts, Miss Wood, before you heard me. You were looking very serious."

"Was I? I was thinking that to-morrow I must leave for New York."

He made no reply for a moment, and then said:

"Do you like the life you have chosen?"

"Yes," I replied, "I like it very much, but I have had a very pleasant holiday, and regret that it is over."

"Miss Wood, do you remember the night I was leaving here five years ago?"

I turned my crimson face toward the river and murmured "yes."

"I asked you then if you would miss me when I went away. It was not a very good way of expressing what I really meant, but I thought with a woman's intuition you would know what I wished to say. But you froze me up with your scornful laugh, and I could not say any more. I am going to say again what I tried to say that night; I love you, Florence, will you be my wife? I believe—I think—your heart will answer yes."

"You can find some younger, fairer girl than I, Jack, who will make you a better wife than I would."

"Florence!" and his arm was around me, and for me the world was never the same again.

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The Sad Reflections of Mortimer Gayboy.

To tell her that he was not a marrying man, was one of the hardest things Mortimer Gayboy ever had to do. The little break that came in her voice when she said she had never thought he was, betrayed to him a weight of disappointment in her feminine heart which made him feel that he had been rather a cad.

He had been back from the country a whole week, now, but, try as he would, he could not get that plaintive note out of his ears. And her face, too, looked up in the moonlight with a little look of defiance in the eyes, and a traitorous quivering of the lip, would not out of his sight.

He was sitting at his desk, and, after vainly striving to lose himself in his work, abandoned himself to thoughts of his summer's idyll.

"Confound those newspaper men," he said to himself. "I thought she was only one of their summer girls, and that when fall came she would be ready to forget all about me."

"That's the woman of it, though—they always do what you don't expect them to do.

"How she flushed when I told I never meant to be in earnest? And she was so easy, too! Let me call her Gladys the third time we met. If that wasn't the mark of a summer girl, I don't know what is.

"And then when we got caught in the rain and I held her hand under the blanket. Great Scott! Why didn't she get offended instead of laughing at me and saying that if I could get any comfort out of it she didn't mind! I don't know a fellow who wouldn't think she was fooling.

"I don't know what I said to her that night on the piazza when she let me kiss her. Suppose I told her I loved her. She ought to have known better, though, than to take it so blessed seriously. Why couldn't she have looked at it the same way I did—enjoy ourselves for a few weeks and then come back to town and no harm done?

"But she was plucky, though, poor little devil. Never said anything disagreeable or made any fuss. Just that one little sob—if it was a sob—and then she tried to laugh. Poor little girl! Hang it, I'm a brute, and I'll never look at another woman as long as I live. (Aloud. What's that, Willie?"

"The boy said he was to get an answer."

"H'm. 'M. Gayboy, Esq.—I wish folks would learn to spell out my front name—'Dear Sir,—We would be obliged if you would call at our office to-morrow (Tuesday) morning at ten o'clock.' We have been retained by Miss Gladys Wilkins, but we think that by conferring with us you may be able to avoid the publicity and publicity of a suit. Yours very truly, Sneem & Doem, Attorneys.' Very well, Willie. Tell the boy to say 'All right.' Well, I'll be blessed. Well, well, well! Summer idyll! Gladys! No wonder she was plucky. Of all the monumental, confounded idiots on earth——"—*Life.*

THE RESULT.—By taking the Indigenous Bitters regularly you will find your bad blood purified and enriching itself, your digestion becoming more easy, and the whole system taking an unaccustomed vigor. The result is health.

It Works Perfectly.

Mr. Simmison's scheme for getting his son up in the morning. "Slide, Jimmy, slide!"

Swipsey and Jimmie.

There were six of them, all newsboys, in the group when he joined them. He was a boot-black, and his kit hung from his shoulder.

"Hullo, Jimmy," was the greeting one sent him, without giving him more than a glance, for they were pitching pennies, and kingdoms were at stake.

"Ye kin come in nex' trow, Jimmie; this one's nearly trowed. Swipsey next. He's winnin' de boodle to day."

Jimmy was silent and gloomy.

"Ain't you comin' in, Jimmy? Come in and beat Swipsey's luck. He's de winner, he is."

"No," said Jimmy sullenly.

"What's de matter? Hain't yer got de stuff?"

"Not a red."

"It's de yaller shoes what de dudes wears, Jimmy. Even de old ones puts 'em on now. Y'll hal fac change your business. See?"

Jimmy said nothing, but gave a contemptuous look at a pair of russet shoes hurrying along. He watched invincible "Swipsey rake in de boodle," for a time.

"Say, Swipes," he said fiercely, "lend me a couple, will ye?"

"Can't do it," said the heartless capitalist, gathering up six pennies. "Spoil me luck. Wait till de luck changes."

The luck didn't change, and presently two of the players trotted off to realize some cash on the spot, for a time. When they came back Jimmy looked as if he could commit highway robbery.

"Say, Swipes," he said, "I'll fight ye ter see whether ye len' me five.

"I git licked, ye don't."

"Ye din do me, Jimmy. I got a sore knuckle on me right, me fightin' hand."

"I'll fight two of youse. Take de kid wid ye."

"De kid ain't no good at fightin'. Danny licked him wid one hand."

"Lemme see de knuckle."

Swipsey showed the injured hand.

"Smashed it on de Eyetalian what tried ter do me out of a cent," he said.

"Say, Swipes," said Jimmy, desperately, "I'll fight ye wid one hand."

"I'd hurt me knuckle," and again he picked up his coppers, for the pitching had never stopped.

"I'll put me left in me pocket."

"I won't fight ye," answered Swipsey. "Besides, Jimmy, ye know I kin do ye. Didn't I lick ye when ye eat me banana?"

Jimmy couldn't answer that. While he stood there searching his brain for further cajoleries, he saw a man whose boots had a rusty look.

"Shine, sir?" And then the wonderful change!

"Say, I'll be wid ye in a minute!" cried Jimmy, and three minutes later there were seven in the game.

"Me luck is broke," said Swipsey.—*New York Tribune.*

An Ancestry Merchant.

"Yes, I make a regular business of the supply of ancestral portraits," said a gray haired painter to a representative of *Tit Bits* the other day. "I originally got my living by painting signboards for public houses. I used to travel the country, sometimes getting an order for a new board, but more often finding employment in touching up weather-beaten presentments of Red Lions and Jolly Anglers. From this line of business I drifted quite by accident into the ancestry trade, and from the very first there was more money in it, while now, as you see, I have developed from a mere stroller into a regular manufacturer, and, though sometimes working myself, I am compelled to employ quite a number of hands.

The first order I got in this line was given by a man who was a fair type of those who come to me for ready-made forefathers. I was painting a signboard outside the village inn in a little place in the north, when I suddenly became conscious that someone was looking over my shoulder. I took no notice, thinking it was only one of the rustics, but presently a voice said:

"'Look here, young man, what's your price per yard?'

"I looked up, and saw that my interrogator was a retired wool stapler, who had been pointed out to me as having recently purchased the big house of the village. I told him that my charges depend on the nature of the work he wanted done, and that I charged by the picture, not by the yard. He then explained that he had visited the portrait gallery at —— Castle, the residence of the lord-lieutenant of the county, and had noticed the fine collection of ancestral pictures.

"'If his lordship can make forebears, why shouldn't I, as long as I can pay for em?' he said, and I, seeing my chance, readily offered to furnish him with a complete set, provided he would give me board and lodging, and a place to work in. As to the money I was to receive, he was very firm that the job should be paid by the yard. He had sold goods by the yard all his life himself, he explained, and he didn't understand any other way of doing business.

"The result was that I stayed at his house four months and supplied the worthy woolstapler with a complete set of fifteen ancestors at $1 the square yard getting free quarters and the best of living as well. My employer was one of the kindest of men, but he was very particular about the way the job was done. He insisted that every one of the ancestors should be depicted in armor, quite irrespective of the age in which they were supposed to have lived.

"The only genuine ancestor of whom my host possessed any authentic information was his own father, who had fought as a private soldier at the Battle of Waterloo. Nothing would satisfy him but that this worthy warrior should be represented as on the battlefield in full pursuit of the great Napoleon. It was easy enough to paint the emperor, as his features and costume are sufficiently well known but when I came to the British soldier I had to go and ask my employer what regiment his father served in with a view to getting the uniform correct.

"'Uniform!' he exclaimed; 'uniform be blowed. You just put him in armour like the other blokes. I don't want any regimentals in my gallery.'

"In vain I pointed out that armour was unknown at Waterloo. He stuck to his guns, and the result was that his father's picture portrayed a knight in full armour on horseback, with lance in rest, in full cry after Napoleon the Great, who was turning around to shoot at his formidable-looking adversary with a cavalry pistol.

"That was the beginning of my trade in ancestors, and, though I kept on the road, from that time forward whenever I entered a country town or village I used to inquire for likely customers in this line as well as in my old one of sign painting. In course of time I got such a connection together that I gave up traveling and settled down here, where it is pretty generally known a man can be fitted up with a fine old county ancestry at a moderate charge.

"My clients, as might be expected from the nature of the work they gave me to do, though shrewd enough in matters relating to the business which has brought them wealth, are mostly pretty ignorant on general subjects.

"For instance, one gentleman who had made his money in the jam trade, and having retired had taken a big place in Surrey, gave me an order for twenty ancestors. He was very anxious that people should think that his family had come over with William the Conqueror. He suggested, therefore, that I should paint ancestors in the Norman dress of the period 'coming over.' That is to say, he was to be depicted as leaping on shore from a boat in the teeth of the Saxons, though, with the ship that brought them lay off in the distance.

"The day after I sent the picture home I got a telegram demanding my presence at once, and I found the old turnip squasher in a dreadful way. The cause of the trouble was because I had painted the ship as a galley of the period, with one tier of sweeps and a beak of brass. When I entered my employer pointed scornfully at this work of art, and demanded angrily if I or anyone else thought a king would travel in any thing but a steamer. I succeeded with some difficulty in convincing him that a steamer would have been a little more than up to date, but at last I had offered to put a funnel on the ship without any extra charge.

"Like every other manufacturer, I have my tricks of the trade, though with me they are few and simple, and the principal one is contrived at by my customers themselves. This consists of giving an appearance of age to the pictures—an easy matter, as is well known, and not half so difficult in my case as with dishonest picture dealers who fake forgeries of old masters in order to deceive customers.

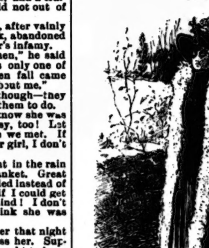
"Another trick of my trade which I practice with great success is always to make the ancestor look as like the purchaser, if possible. I mean that I take care there shall be some sort of resemblance in the portraits to the features of my customer. This always flatches him, and makes them recommend me to others. You see, it is very soothing, say, to a ham and beef merchant who has made his pile in the Whitechapel road, to see his own 'mug' looking at him from his own walls from underneath a plumed helmet.

"I made a mistake at this game once, though, when a customer who was a bit bashful sent his butler to me with the order. The butler put on so much side, that I thought he represented the customer himself, and painted a resemblance of his face in a complete set of ancestry. The customer didn't notice it 'n meself, but I heard that it used to give rise to a good deal of amusement among the people who dined at the house."

Knew Himself.

Cleverton—Well, old man, where do you expect to pass the summer?

Dashaway (morrowfully)—Walking back from the race track.



On Her Dignity.

Miss Jenway (who has had a misunderstanding with George)—I knew he'd follow me and make up, but I'm not going to spoil it all he does. Those men need a lesson once in a while.

We Will Tell You How to Save a Few Dollars Traveling to New York.

You have a beautiful sail across the lake by the staunch steamer Empress of India, which leaves Geddes' wharf at 3.40 p.m. daily, except Sundays, connecting with the Erie Railway solid train from Port Dalhousie, costing only $9.40; Toronto to New York, round trip, $18.20. You can also leave via Grand Trunk at 1.10 p.m., 4.55 p.m. and 11 p.m. On the 4.55 p.m. train the Erie run a handsome vestibule Pullman sleeper, Toronto to New York. Dining cars attached to all trains for meals. For tickets and full information apply to agents Empress of India and Grand Trunk, S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street East, Toronto.

After the Hunt.

Mr. Trotter—Were you in at the death?
Miss Rockaway—Yes; almost the first.
Mr. Trotter—Did you get the brush?
Miss Rockaway—Goodness me! do you think the anise-bag is a regular traveling-case?

The Public Sets the Gait.

Winks—Don't you think editors and reporters ought to be required to sign their names to their articles?

Jinks—No. Editors and reporters are not responsible for what they write.

"Who are, then?"

"The people who buy the papers."

Talk of Summer Girls.

Gerty—Florence told me last night that she was engaged to young Downey.

Ethel—Isn't it awful!

Gerty—Yes; and the worst of it is that I believe she really means to marry him.

More to the Point.

Poet (impressively)—I always know when I write something that is very good.

Critic (thoughtfully)—But do you know when you write something that is very bad?

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Music.

The principal event which falls within the scope of this week's issue of SATURDAY NIGHT is the pianoforte recital given by Mr. Frederic Boscovitz on the 8th, at the College of Music. The music hall of the College was crowded to repletion, and many of the leading amateurs and professional people were present to hear the new star. For Mr. Boscovitz may be considered a "new" star, as some twenty years have elapsed since his previous visit to Toronto. Those who remember his playing at that time will see little change in his manner or appearance, but a great deal in his playing. He still shows the eccentric spirit that characterized much of his early work, but he has gained in repose and serenity. His rendering of three movements from the Beethoven Sonata, op. 2, was thoughtful and intellectual in its reading, while his technical ease was extremely noticeable. Later in the evening Mr. Boscovitz played five Chopin numbers: a Nocturne; an Impromptu, op. 29; a Barcarole, op. 60; a Mazurka, op. 7; and a Valse. To see and hear Mr. Boscovitz at his best he must play Chopin, for in this congenial field he shows all the spirit and fire that is in him. His rendering of these numbers is decidedly unconventional, being full of glow and light, with fierce flashes of passion. For my part I have a decided preference for this sort of Chopin playing. I cannot agree to the repressive tendencies of those who would have Chopin played as you would play Beethoven. Yet there are many such, and they may cavil at the warmth and humanity which pervade Mr. Boscovitz' playing of Chopin, forgetting that as he was a pupil of the great Pole he may be permitted to approach the true Chopin ideas quite as nearly as those others who read him at the end of a sort of Chopinesque apostolic succession. Mr. Boscovitz further played some trifles: Noel, Adam; Clair de Lune, Thome; Serenade, Bizet; and Etude de Concert, Saint-Saens. These were all different in style and were exquisitely played, serving well to display the artist's versatility. He also played his transcriptions of two quaint historical pieces, a Musette by Montclair of 1690, and The King's Hunting Jig by Dr. John Bull of 1590. These quaint airs he invested with a delicate and charming treatment which at once won his hearers. Mr. Boscovitz has a beautiful touch, which runs the gamut from tenderness and elegance to power and majesty. In all gradations it is warm and glowing, an attribute much enhanced by the beautiful Steinway grand piano on which he played. His technique is facile and sound, while his execution is marvelous for a man with such small hands. As a composer he shows all the brightness and flow of geniality that characterize his playing. His Canzonetta, the Chant du Matin, and the Menuette, with which he closed his programme, all show these attributes, as do also the songs which were sung that evening. Mme. de Chadenedes sang one, Meadow Voices, a bright, sunny song, with taste and pleasing execution. Mr. E. W. Schuch sang two, The Rolling Stone, and Three Knights of Old, both of which were full of motion and light, and which suited him very well. Mr. Boscovitz is now making arrangements to give his three recitals mentioned in this column some time ago.

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The vicissitudes that attend the fortunes of opera companies are many and various. A few days ago the Baron von Wartegg, husband of Minnie Hauk, was so offended by the officiousness of a United States marshal in Chicago who persisted in serving madame with an obnoxious legal paper, that he threw the official across the street, with the result that he had to spend several hours in the cooler. Nearer home we saw something of the same sort in the Annandale company. This organization seems to have been playing in hard luck, and on Friday last the conductor and several of the musicians wanted their Saturday's pay then and there. The ghost was obdurate and would not walk, but the musicians *did*. They left and the management had to scour the town for a conductor. They found one, and Friday evening Trovatore was given with this gentleman at the piano, but the result was not of the best. Similar waywardness attended the performance of the Bohemian Girl on Saturday afternoon, but by the evening performance the services of a well known lady pianist had been secured and better results ensued. The promised production of Cavalleria Rustican turned out to be only the church scene from that opera, which was very acceptably rendered, after which Martha was played. The performances during the week were fair, and would doubtless have been much better had the conductor exercised, or been able to exercise better discipline over his forces and over himself.

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It is pleasant to turn from the contemplation of these performances to that of the Emma Juch Opera Company, which closes its engagement at the Academy of Music to-night. The performances of this company began too late in the week for notice in this issue, but I have no doubt that they were a great treat. Tannhæuser, this evening, will receive its first performance in Toronto, and should draw a bum per house.

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The excellences of the Steck baby grand piano used at Messrs. Farwell & Glendon at their recital on October 6, are great enough to be my excuse for mentioning that instrument to-day, as I had inadvertently omitted the makers' name in my notice of last week.

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The Blind Boone combination has been playing at the Auditorium to very good audiences. Boone is an intelligent colored youth and is a very good pianist, playing what may be termed regular music with taste and correctness. Such popular ideas as the Musical Box, Imitation of a Train, and The Drummer Boy are cleve ly presented and win the applause of the groundlings. Miss Stella May is a vocalist of good parts and made herself very popular.

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Our old friends, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston, are to play in Toronto on Monday evening, October 19. Mr. Thomas Ryan, the veteran director and founder of the club, has been scouring European art centers for fresh material, and it is said that his organization is this season the most artistically perfect which he has ever brought before the public. The members are: Eugene Boegner, solo violinist; Max Adler, second violin; Thomas Ryan, solo clarionetist; Paul Henneberg, solo flautist; and Hermann Diestel, solo 'cellist. Miss Marie Barnard is the vocalist of the party.

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On Monday and Tuesday, October 26 and 27, Mr. Barrington Foote, the well known English baritone, will sing at the Auditorium. Mr. Foote was here two years ago with Mme. Albani and will be remembered with pleasure. He will be assisted by the Mercedes Sisters, two youthful prodigies, the whole being under the management of Mr. C. A. E. Harriss of Montreal.

•

St. George's Society will give its annual concert at the Pavilion on Thursday, November 5, under the musical direction of Messrs. Torrington and Schuch. An effective array of talent is promised, and the concert will be of the high character which has always marked this society's entertainments.

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Agnes Huntington will soon be here and will sing in Planquette's Captain Therese, the *role* which was created in England by Miss Attalie Claire. The latter lady, by the way, is coming to New York, I believe, to take part in The Nautch Girl.

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A week ago to-day Mr. W. E. Fairclough, organist of All Saints' Church, gave an organ recital in that church, which was well attended. Mr. Fairclough played his selections with great taste and correctness. The programme was: Overture in D, Smart; Larghetto (clarionet quintelle) Mozart; Pastoral Sonata, Rheinberger; Benediction Nuptial, Saint-Saens; Allegretto in B flat, Lemmens; Toccata and Fugue, D minor, J. S. Back; Nocturne, Wedding March (Midsummer Night's Dream) Mendelssohn.

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On Thursday of next week Edouard Remenyi, who has been called the Wizard of the Violin, and who has been drowned and shipwrecked a dozen times by the newspapers, will give a concert at the Pavilion. He made a Canadian tour some ten years ago which was very successful, and no doubt still possesses the charm and eccentricity which then made him popular. He will be supported by Mrs. Alice Rice, Miss Edith McGregor, Mr. W. H. Fessenden and Mr. T. Cliff Berry.

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Signor Ed. Rubini, one of our local teachers, will give his third annual concert at Association Hall on Tuesday, October 27, with the following ladies and gentlemen on the programme: Miss Cochrane, Miss Zip Walters, Miss G. Leadley, Miss Harris, Mr. Sims Richards, Mr. Mould, Mr. J. Walton, Signor G. Dinelli, and Mr. W. E. Ramsay.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

SOMEBODY said "Shakespeare spells ruin;" but Mr. Mantell can take exception to the adage. On Friday and Saturday evenings of last week, when Hamlet and Othello were put on, standing room only was the rule. If that is the kind of ruin Shakespeare spells, Manager Sheppard probably hopes to be allowed to drain the bitter cup to the dregs. That Hamlet should so fill the house makes one feel optimistic about theater-goers after all, and bespeaks the popularity of the greatest tragedy of the greatest of dramatists, for the known characteristics of Mantell, the actor, are not such as to call forth any great expectations of his Hamlet. It has been said that no actor can fail in this part. The stage tricks and personal oddities of a man are here set down to the unsettled condition of the Danish Prince's mind, and if he is a fair elocutionist the grandeur of the lines supplies the rest. Mantell imparts a certain impressiveness to everything he does, and as an actor he is of great intelligence and much talent, though no genius. He throws no lights on the part, but says his lines well, and the faults of his personality which were pointed out last week were passed off in the manner mentioned above. If one is familiar with the play and knows something of Hamlet's character, he can enjoy a treat in hearing the magnificent lines finely recited. Mr. Bruning and Mr. Hartwig, though good actors of certain parts, were quite unadapted to their *roles*, those of the King and Laertes. The villainy of the king is not enough accentuated by action to suit Mr. Bruning's abilities, and Mr. Hartwig's method is too languishing for the energetic Laertes. No fault could be found, however, with Miss Behrens' Ophelia, unless it be her lack of action in the scene with the players. As to her lines, she was excellent, and altogether did the best acting in the production. Miss Monk was also fine as the Queen, although she looked toward the "flies" too much. Miss Jennie Busley acted the curled dandy, Osric, excellently.

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For Othello, the company were altogether better adapted than for Hamlet. Mr. Mantell's Othello must of course be of the same quality as his Monbars. His faults are of course, manifest, and he is sometimes ineffectual in his facial expression, but he imparted a magnificence and passion to the part that was fine. The most excellent, sustained work in the play, perhaps, was that of Mr. Bruning as Iago. He has much polish and a sardonic humor that goes well, and his work considered in detail is faultless; but as a whole there is something lacking in it. He did not give the impression of a dogged bondman to evil, with which Shakespeare—perhaps influenced thereto by Marlowe's conception of Mephistopheles—has invested the part, and his Iago was but an ordinary villain well played and not striking. Mr. Hartwig was at his best in the part of Cassio, and deserved a recall for the drunken episode. Nor was any better work done than Mr. Ringgold's Roderigo. He was a perfect representative of the valiant coward, those curled Claudios and Roderigos whom Shakespeare despised. Roderigo is too cowardly to be even a good villain or more than a boaster, and thus was Mr. Ringgold. Neither should the dignified acting of Mr. Victor Clarges, as Leonato, be forgotten. He was pathetic but dignified and self-restrained, and his Leonato commanded the sympathy of all. One of the most beautiful and to many the most pathetic scene in Shakespeare was cut out of the presentation. It was the one between Desdemona and Emilia when the former is about to retire for her last night on earth. Much of the love and sympathy for Desdemona is so lost, and the motherly, womanly qualities of Emilia who then comforts Desdemona are thus left unexemplified. Miss Behrens as Desdemona lacked animation in her early scenes, but in her last lines and especially in her last half dozen words she transcended herself and lived the part. Miss Minnie Monk, as Emilia, was strong and in the last scene was especially deserving of applause.

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Since DeMille and Belasco's joint production The Charity Ball is essentially poetic in its main motive, and one may be excused for waxing poetic in speaking of it. Like most of the best modern works it is without breadth, but in the absence from it—except in the case of the juvenile lovers, whose stage joyousness excuses them—of aught theatrical, it is like a clear singing brook, cool and refreshing, sunshiny in places but with its shadowy depths. Whether this impression is more due to the play itself than to the delightful acting of Miss Edythe Chapman as Ann Cruger, is a question. The best of such a play as The Charity Ball is that it makes us feel how much good we have in us. The self-respect of nearly every one in the audience was heightened when the green curtain went down on Monday night. There may be faults, almost serious, in the construction of the play, and an almost too general marrying and giving in marriage perhaps, but then so many of us have read and re-read David Copperfield and loved Agnes Wickfield that for the sake of seeing her prototype, Ann Cruger, on the stage, we are willing to let this lovely character militate against any inartisticity. What justice can there be in judging this play by the same standards that we judge Camille? Some people would call part of the story of the play almost daring. But if more playwrights handled the qualities of every-day life with the purity and delicacy of touch of this play, the prejudice against the stage would be more quickly wiped away.

HENRY DEMILLE.

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The actors are all allowed scope to display their abilities, and no one part is placed in relief to the detriment of the others, and any one of them allows the actor to give the touch of nature to the *role*. Miss Edythe Chapman, as Ann Cruger, though apparently ill at ease in the early part of the evening, gave a performance so fresh and unhackneyed as to contribute half the charm of the evening's entertainment. This young lady is from Toronto, and if she can only retain the untheatrical naturalness which she now exhibits she is certain of success. Miss Alice Elton suffered from a severe cold and disappointed some. Naturally she lacked animation but showed a very charming manner on occasion, and would probably please many under better conditions. Miss Ethel Graybroke was a dashing and popular Mrs. De Peyster. As the blind mother, Miss Elma Logan made a touching and pretty picture, and Miss Jeanette Lowrie played the *ingenue* part with much piquancy. Mr. W. A. Sands was excellent as the dry but jovial Judge Knox, and Mr. Geo H. Leonard acted the careworn broker, Dick Van Buren, with great refinement. Very pleasing, too, was Mr. Granville's tall characterization of Franklin Cruger, the king of Wall street. Mr. Boyd Putman lacked strength as the Rector, and Mr. Merriam Bruce was very volatile as young Alex. Robinson. Messrs. Gregory and Florence completed a uniformly excellent company.

DAVID BELASCO.

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The Academy of Music continued its start into a line of good attractions with James O'Neill, during the first three nights of this week. O'Neill ranks among first-class attractions, and as an actor deserves the position. But his play! Shades of the dead Dumas! Did he know that anybody was ever going to take his dozen or more plot-motives in the romance Monte Christo and jam them into a play of three hours' duration? Would he not have hesitated about writing it had he known that the theater would seize and develop it into a series of tableaux with characters who change clothes on the slightest provocation and go round saying: "Silence, say not a word!" to each other. We have most of us been enchanted with Monte Christo at one time or other, and to many the romance is ever fresh and delightful. Considered as a panorama of scenes, which to us require no explanation, the show was not bad. Considered as a play with the novel entirely set aside, Monte Christo is execrable. The climaxes are not laid up to step by step. They are thrust before the gaze first and then taken to pieces, bit by bit. The tableau, The World is Mine, with the dashing waves accompaniment, was striking and well put on. Mr. O'Neill with proper chances is a fine actor. Mr. Bevins, as Caberousse, and Mr. Gould, as Noirtier, were excellent. Miss Grace Raven, Miss Kate Fletcher and Mr. E. W. Rae are above mediocrity also. The rest of the company were "scrub."

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An Irishman said to me this week, "Say, theatrical managers must take Irishmen for suckers. Whom do they expect to catch with their blanked Irish showa?" There must be some suckers left, however, to patronize True Irish Hearts at Jacobs & Sparrow's this week. Somebody says that True Irish Hearts is plagiarized from the Ivy Leaf. This may or may not be true. If so, the thief must have had a very rosy outlook if he would find anything worth stealing in the Ivy Leaf. It would be something like stealing a pocket handkerchief from a tramp. These Irish plays carry clever people sometimes, though, and Dan McCarthy and Miss Kitty Colemen are fair enough in their specialties.

TOUCHSTONE.

NOTES.

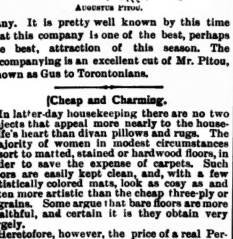
Manager Kirchmer of the Academy has an attraction booked for Thursday, October 29, which should fill his house to the doors—nothing less than the divine Bernhardt, who will stay but one night and then fly to Montreal. Her play will be announced later.

The Grand and Academy give, next week, two Irish plays. The attraction at the Academy is Edgar Seldon's Will o' the Wisp, a good attraction, and at the Grand for the first three nights, with Wednesday matinee, Percival T. Greene's comedy drama, Irish Honor, will be the attraction. Irish Honor is a beautiful and interesting story, exceedingly well told. It is of a higher class than the ordinary Irish drama and fairly sparkles with wit, while some of the serious and pathetic portions are very beautiful and poetic. The cast selected by Mr. Greene is an unusually strong one, and Irish Honor should enjoy liberal patronage from Toronto theater-goers.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, October 22, 23, 24, the great play, Mr. Barnes of New York, will be seen at the Grand Opera House. It will be presented with a very strong cast and has met with the most flattering reception everywhere.

The attraction at Jacobs & Sparrow's next week is a western drama, The Devil's Mine. It is of especial interest to Torontonians, because Mr. W. C. Donaldson, son of Mr. John A. Donaldson, the popular Commissioner of Emigration, heads the cast.

The attraction at the Grand during the last three nights has been the Pitou Stock Company. It is pretty well known by this time that this company is one of the best, perhaps the best, attraction of this season. The accompanying is an excellent cut of Mr. Pitou, known as Gus to Torontonians.



AUGUSTUS PITOU.

[Cheap and Charming.

In latter-day housekeeping there are no two objects that appeal more nearly to the housewife's heart than divan pillows and rugs. The majority of women in modest circumstances resort to matted, stained or hardwood floors, in order to save the expense of carpets. Such floors are easily kept clean, and, with a few artistically colored mats, look as cosy as and often more artistic than the cheap three-ply or ingrains. Some argue that bare floors are more healthful, and certain it is they obtain very largely.

Heretofore, however, the price of a real Persian or Oriental rug was a stunbling block. Cheap imitations were hopelessly crude in color and design, and the genuine carpets were reserved exclusively for the rich.

It is this difficulty modern art has overcome, manufacturing a jute rug that is at once cheap and charming. Both in color and pattern Oriental models have been closely followed, skilfully blending the richest hues with small conventionalized figures. It is now quite possible to get a medium-sized mat, five feet by three feet, for three dollars, guaranteed to last half a dozen years, and be harmonious and pleasing all that time.

Now and Then.

Father—Come, now, my son; stop beating about the bush. Will you bring the coal?

Old Uncle John—When I was a boy I didn't beat about the bush much; if I was slow about doing an errand, the bush had a fashion of beating about me.

Under the Sword

Lucullus—Hello, Dam, old boy; what are you doing these days?

Damocles (with a nervous glance upward)—Waiting for a hair cut.

Out of Sight

"There was a fight down the street a little while ago, but they couldn't find a detective!"

"What use did they have for a detective!"

"They wanted him to find a policeman."

A Picture.

For Saturday Night.

You were sitting alone in your study,
And the shadows began to fall,
While the firelight glanced on the rows of books
And the pictures upon the wall,
You clasped your head in your hands, leaned back,
In a gloomy reverie then,
You were weary of struggles, of hopes deferred,
You were weary of book and pen.

I came in out of the gloaming,
I stole to you unaware,
Unclasped your hands from your tired head,
Leaned laughingly over your chair.
You tossed back your hair with a glad surprise,
Looked up in my face and smiled
With the joy and the restfulness that steals
O'er the face of a playworn child.

Did I dream as I went in the gloaming,
In the flickering firelight's glow?
Or turn over a leaf of the future,
Only the angels know.
But to memory now it seems as real,
So clear is its outline cast,
That I feel as if I had turned a leaf
In the volume of the past.

DENVER, COLORADO. EMMA P. SEABURY.

What is Love?

For Saturday Night.

"What is love!" I asked a maiden
Handsome, rich and void of cares.
"Love's a syren, singing sweetly
To enthral me in her snares."

"What is love!" I asked a miser
Gloating, chuckling o'er his gold.
"Love is money; take that from me,
The world is cold and bare and cold."

"What is love!" I asked a preacher
Pondering o'er the Holy Book.
"Love is God—my only comfort;
He can cheer me with a look."

"What is love!" I asked a sceptic
Floundering in chaotic night.
"Love's a word, a dream, a shadow;
Love is naught, a hideous fright."

"What is love!" I asked a warrior,
Armed and girded for the fray.
"Love is glory! See her banner
Leading onward day by day."

"What is love!" I asked a mother
Pressing close her nursing boy.
"This is love, my heart's own treasure.
This is love—is perfect joy."

TORONTO, October 4, 1891. WM. H. SEYLER.

Wanderers.

For Saturday Night.

My thoughts go wandering through the world
Like a bird when seeking a nest;
And they wander on till they weary grow,
Then return to thee for rest.

Then into thy bosom they nestle close,
And lie so quietly there
That I feel so filled with a sweet content,
My heart breathes out a prayer

For thee, my darling, my only love;
For thee that Our Father may
Guide thee and bless thee through thy life,
And keep thee in all thy way. ELLA MAUDE.

The End of the Summer.

The birds laugh loud and long together
When Pashion's followers have gone away,
At the first cool breath of autumn weather,
Why, this is the time, cry the birds, to stay!
When the deep calm sea and the sky over
Both look their passion through sun-kissed space,
As a blue-eyed maid and her blue-eyed lover
Might each gaze into the other's face.

Oh, this is the time when careful spying
Discovers the secrets nature knows.
You find when the butterflies plan for flying
(Before the thrush or the blackbird goes);
You see some day by the water's edges
A brilliant border of red and black,
And then off over the hills and hedges
It flutters away on the summer's track.

The shy little sumacs, in lonely places,
Bowed all summer with dust and heat,
Like clean-clad children, with rain-washed faces,
Are dressed in scarlet from head to feet.
And never a flower had the boastful summer
In all the blossoms that decked her sod,
So royal-hued as that later comer,
The purple friend of the golden rod.

Some chill gray dawn you note with grieving
That the King of Autumn is on his way.
You see with a sorrowful slow believing
How the wanton woods have gone astray.
They wear the stain of bold carmine
Of riotous revels with old King Frost;
They dazzle all eyes with their gorgeous dresses,
Nor care that their green young leaves are lost.

A wet wind blows from the east one morning,
The wood's gay garments look draggled out,
You hear a sound and your heart takes warning—
The birds are planning their winter route.
They wheel and settle and scold and wrangle,
Their tempers are ruffled, their voices loud;
Then whirr—and away in a feathered tangle
To fade in the south like a passing cloud.

ENVOI.

A songless wood stripped bare of glory—
A sodden moor that is black and brown;
The year has finished its last love story—
Oh, let us away to the gay, bright town!

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

My Laddie an' My Plaidie.

For Saturday Night.

My laddie, my laddie, my laddie,
I luv ye, I luv ye sae true,
Ye can see is o'an in my plaidie
For that a' doth whisper of you;
When far awa' from my ain Highland laddie
I fold roun' my heart my ain Highland plaidie.

And when a' is sad an' sae weary,
When winter's dark days come sae near,
Your name a' shall mak me be cheery
An' drive awa' a' cold an' fear;
When far awa' from my ain Highland laddie,
I fold roun' my heart my ain Highland plaidie.

NORA LAUGHER.

How the Fruit Turned Red.

One day when September was leaving the orchard,
Cheerily singing her pastoral song
And twirling a garland, she met young October,
Brown as a berry, a-coming along.

They met and were glad, for they loved one another,
She flew to his arms like an innocent dove;
And the birds twittered sweetly and called to each other,
And even the winds seemed to whisper, "In love!"

They kissed, and the leaves on the trees all about them
Fluttered and rustled, and visibly flushed;
The peach, and the pear, and the quince, and the apple
Saw the sweet sight, and on seeing it—blushed.

—*Boston News.*

Between You and Me.

ONCE in a while funny things really happen, don't they? I had a little unpremeditated and unsuspected bit of mirth over an unexplained happening last week, which caused me quite a bit of puzzled conjecture. A certain dignitary of the church, of advanced years and great presence, was arranging for a meeting of his "inferior clergy" with a young parson of the strictest Wycliffe cut. The elderly parson did not remember the names of all the clerics he wished to assemble, and the junior brother volunteered to write them for him. He produced from his pocket-book an apparently blank sheet and soon scribbled down his list. After the good man had taken his leave the dignitary unfolded the list, to refresh his memory, and found on its inner leaf a description of the size, color and value of those mystic articles known as "poker chips." The question naturally suggests itself as to how the memoranda got into the parson's inner pocket, doesn't it? And the dignitary knits his white brows and studies on it without satisfaction.

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Since I came to the dignity of this column I have received many queer and original letters, but the queerest came to me some days ago. It was just seventy-five feet long, written on unteasable rice paper, and bore date from an obscure town in Japan. I wondered as I unrolled it whether my clever friend, Sara Jeannette Duncan, had ever received such an one from the friends she describes in her inimitably funny Social Departure. It is a joint stock letter, written by several members of the family, and contains a full description of their manners, customs, social observances, mode of life, dress, *cuisine*, surroundings, and in addition, some information about the country and the body politic. We who have read Miss Duncan's book and seen the Mikado, think we know a lot about Japan, but the sweet, amiable and affectionate Japanese women are strangers to us until we read or hear their gentle, confiding and naive confessions and remarks. The Christian Japanese have the ideal Christianity, unselfish, busy, practical, daintily clean and refined, poetical and emotional, but at the same time dignified and highly courteous and self-respecting. Missionary life has its dark side in Japan as in other places, but nowhere can there be a greater delight in the converts than in the land of the lantern; and the parson who preaches for the almond-eyed children of the church will get all my spare quarters without any trouble after this.

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Yesterday a Detroit dame invited me to take my wheel and pay her a visit, and I am going to do so, if, as one must always premise, it does not rain. "We have the loveliest streets, and the flowers are yet out which were planted to decorate for the G. A. R., and you really must come and see the city once more, just for old times' sake," said she, in her winning little Irish-American way. Miles of asphalt, the cleanest streets in America, the politest policemen and the best restaurant for many a long league, are enough to tempt one to a day's outing; and there are many faces which have lost their bloom of school days, but which have a fairer afterglow in the light of memory and reminiscent chat, that are in the pretty city of the straits waiting the advent of the Woman on the Wheel. Detroit is such a pretty city, and so carefully kept and with such shops and such style that it is a small wonder that a goodly number of Canadians slip over with rather sylph-like figures and come back with a rotundity of form which suggests a scientific padding of extra and newly purchased wearing apparel of all descriptions. Smuggling is an inherent naughtiness with the female sex, and not only the vice of millionaires who belong to Gotham's four hundred.

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There are things in the city which one cannot have in the country, such as asphalt, water works, electric light and high taxes, but there are lovely and interesting and comical peculiarities which belong only and alone to the fifty-acre field and the pumpkin vine. One of these is the tea meeting. There are tea meetings every fall in the various denominational churches or schoolhouses and they are great fun if one knows how to enjoy them. Lady Gay takes them homœopathically—one every autumn—and has become knowing in tea meetings, preferring the Presbyterian to all others, for reasons gastronomic and hilarious. The Scotch church unbends from a year's orthodox dignity at the yearly tea meeting, and all the quaint humor so long hushed and bottled up bubbles forth and distills in the essence of welcome. The discreet matron unfolds her bottle of pickles and her jokes at the same moment, and enjoys the frequent calls for "Mrs. Duncan Ross" during supper, that being the careful label pasted on the bottle for purposes of identification when emptied, as much for the suggestion of a joke implied as for the tribute to her success as a "picklist." The Presbyterian joke is as unlike the Methodist or Baptist joke as chalk is to cheese, and Lady Gay isn't saying which is chalk and which cheese! But she always comes home from the Scotch tea meeting with an appetite wholly ruined, and a furtive smile continually twitching the corners of her mouth, and all the whole year's decorum of her Kirk friends won't make her forget their annual unbending.

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Last week, Don said, "Poor Parnell," and this week I feel like saying it again. Without going into details, (which are sometimes damning,) one is always conscious of an instinct of liking or revulsion when one has a public character brought suddenly before one in a new light. I can recall the figure of the Irish patriot as he stood on the steps of his hotel in Dublin, drawing on his gloves and absently regarding the row of jaunting cars which stood along the street, and the warning nudge and whisper of my friend the Irishman, "There's Parnell, the agitator," and my open-eyed American stare as I took him in. Strange as fancies are, I took a fancy to Parnell, and ever afterwards had a liking for him, even when he was naughty, and obstinate, and undignified and unsuccessful. When I had time I used to try and understand him, but he has Irish enough to puzzle me, and I had to give up. I would not read nor listen to his private affairs when my comrades hauled him over the coals, but went on steadily liking him, and now, when he is cut off in his prime, with clouds of failure and scandal about him, one Canadian gave him a sorry and regretful farewell, poor patriot Parnell!

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As I write this paragraph a hundred voices are calling me away and the birds are chipp-chipping in the tall pines and cedars which I climbed so many years ago that we won't count them. The wee fox terrier is wandering up to the writer and down to the wheel and occasionally relieving his impatience by a convulsive groan, the sun is something benign in its autumn loveliness, the roads are dry but not dusty, the air is bland and sweet with the resin from the carpet of pine needles that make brown the sod. All nature and all everything calls "Lady Gay, come out," and there is, in this far country, a Toronto man, with the red and blue ribbons on his Toronto safety, roaming somewhere on the highways of this western town, waiting for a real country ride—and waiting also the tardy coming of LADY GAY.

Noted People.

Notwithstanding the cares of office and the disquietude caused by nihilist plotters, the Czar of Russia has kept his interest in and increased the fine collections of birds' eggs and stamps, which he began as a boy.

Louis Cortigny, a well preserved centenarian living not far from Paris, is the last French survivor of the battle of Trafalgar. He was a cabin boy on the Redoutable when the shot that killed Lord Nelson was fired from that vessel.

Two lady florists of London, Mrs. Herbert Smith and Mrs. Arthur Wellesley, are meeting with remarkable success in their new department. They were recently employed to decorate Lord Beaconsfield's statue at the celebration of the Primrose League.

Oscar II., the present king of Sweden, is the great-grandson of the Empress Josephine. His mother, Queen Josephine of Norway and Sweden, was the daughter of Eugene Beauharnais, Josephine's son by her marriage with General Beauharnais.

Miss M. E. Braddon, the English authoress, whose real name is Mrs. John Maxwell, lives in Richmond, England, and although she is past fifty, she is exceedingly fond of horseback riding. She is often seen in the park, having a spirited canter with one of her daughters.

Two crowns have recently been designed by Emperor William for himself and the Empress. They are to be of pure gold, one a little smaller than the other, and in their construction will be used many valuable gems from the magnificent collection owned by the house of Hohenzollern.

Mrs. Frederick Rhinelander Jones is another New York society woman who has scholarly tastes and is fond of writing. Mrs. Jones is the granddaughter of Judge Cadwallader and also of Horace Binney. She has published some interesting magazine papers on hospital-nursing.

Richard Harding Davis, who was only in London for a few days at the end of September, received many attentions from literary people. One Sunday he was the guest at the Reform Club of James R. Osgood. The others present were Edwin A. Abbey, John Drew, Jonathan Sturges, and Clarence W. McIlvane. He sailed on Wednesday last with his mother and sister on the City of Paris for New York.

One of the best bands now playing in England is Les Militaries, Mrs. Hunt's celebrated ladies' orchestra. The costume—blue skirts and Hussar jackets, with little red and gold caps set jauntily on the side of the head—is exceedingly picturesque. The music is beyond praise. One seldom hears a band of that number play with more verve and finish, or with such delicacy of touch and swing of melody.

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Such extraordinary letter writing as Emily Dickinson's has certainly never been seen in print before. Her letters are interesting precisely because every tradition as to who makes a letter interesting is absolutely ignored, and her style is one that would make the eighteenth century letter writers turn in their graves. Her life in her family, strange as it was, only partially accounts for the peculiarities displayed both in her character and in her correspondence.

Mrs. Stanley is very much in love with her husband, and his devotion amounts almost to idolatry. He is very proud of her, but at the same time does not wish her to paint, publish a book, or in any way attract public attention. Speaking of her talent he said, "I think she does better work with her pen than her brush; what she puts on paper is a better picture than what she puts on canvas. Will she write a book? If it pleases her. But it will be printed for us—her family and friends, and not for the public. I hold that a man's wife is too sacred for the world to know and discuss."

Remembered the Patchwork Quilt

A lady who formerly lived in this state, but is now a resident of Ohio, was riding on the cable car yesterday, casually glancing at the houses as she passed. In one of the yards she saw a crazy quilt hanging on a line. Instantly she got off the car, and, going to the house, rang the door bell and asked if Mrs. Blank lived there. On receiving an affirmative reply she entered, and two old friends were soon chatting over old times.

She said she had recognized the quilt as one she had seen her friend make in Central Missouri eighteen years ago. A lady had just come from the east bringing with her a crazy quilt, which was so pretty and hard to make that the east side lady fashioned another just like it. This was the one that brought the two friends so unexpectedly together. "I know that there were only two quilts like that in the world," she said, "and I instantly concluded that this must be yours, although until to-day I did not know where you lived."—*Kansas City Times.*

Farce-Comedy Companies.

"Say," said Markins, as he took three or four cigarettes out of my box, "I'm going to have the dandy company out this year. Got the funniest farce-comedy you ever saw—'Not In It.' Good name, ain't it? A bright young fellow here wrote it and tried to sell it to some of the New York managers. Well, you know how these things go; they didn't even read it. Missed a good thing. I happened to run across it and saw in a minute that it was a sundowner. Of course I got it for a song—pay him for it if it goes. I gave it that name, and fixed it up for plenty of stage business. Plot be blowed! It's the business, you know, that carries the show. I'm here on the square, getting my people. You see, the New York managers have the pull on all the well known stars and you can't touch them for any kind of a fair salary. Now there are just as good actors, who aren't known, hanging around this square as any who ever made a hit on Broadway. The way to do is to drift around and pick 'em up. All first class men. They are generally broke, and, with a few beers, they will agree to rehearse and play a week on trial."

"How many people are there to be in your company?"

"Eight—three men and five girls. There is no use in carrying a lot of men around to pay car fare for and mebbe to mutiny and black your eye if the ghost don't walk regularly every Saturday night. All you want is a good comedian or two for the gallery. Nine-tenths of the house don't care a hoot about the men. They want girls. You have got to have one pretty face, anyway, for a soubrette—a girl who can dance and sing some. About all you need from the rest of the girls is to be able to light up well in short skirts or tights. If they can do that they will get along all right."

"It must be an easy matter to get the female members, then."

"So it is. But they all want to be stars, and they are awful kickers about their pay—want it as regular as the clock, and keep nagging you all the time. Then they think just because they are actresses they have got a right to get a mash on all the rich young fellows in a town. We have a rehearsal at two o'clock. Do you want to go down?"

"Yes, it would just suit me."

Markins led me down-town a few blocks to a hall that is rented during the winter to dancing-parties. Markins had secured the anteroom of this hall to hold rehearsals in for a week, by the payment of ten dollars. There we found the company assembled. The three comedians were smoking cigarettes and looking like men who saw visions of a glorious future. The five girls were all rather pretty, but they did not look like devotees of soap and water, and the powder was palpable, and—well, they did not look coy. They seldom smiled, spoke but little, were not vivacious, and stared all the time.

Three of them wore yachting caps and the other two, pancake straw hats. Their dress was not expensive, but it made up in conspicuousness. While Markins was arguing with a comedian as to a song he should sing, I listened to the gossip of the girls.

"Say, Emma, you trying to mash His Frecklets?" said one to another. "His Frecklets" referred to one of the freckle-faced comedians.

Emma put a shade of disgust into her stare.

"You tried hard enough last season, they tell me," she retorted.

"Me? Not much. As long as I got my red tights, I don't want no satchel-carrier. Think I'd waste my time on anybody in the company? I been in the business too long for that. You can have the actors for all me."

"Humph! Notice you are not above working for a supper. You're a good one to run down actors after having married two."

That was a home shot, and silenced the enemy's batteries. The rehearsal then began. Markins was his own stage manager. A pale-faced young man called "Teddy" played some clap-trap airs on the piano for an accompaniment to the songs and choruses. Markins essayed to teach the girls a skirt dance. It was funny, and he laid aside his coat and vest. Then he hopped and skipped and scolded the girls for not doing it as he did.

"Why don't you kick your foot out further as though you had some snap to you?" demanded the manager.

"I don't want to," replied the girl, with a pout; "I didn't think we'd have to dance to-day, and I didn't dress for it. My shoes is bust out."

"Bo, rats! Kick out. Never mind your shoes."

"Well, I won't, I tell you. I ain't going to make a show of myself." She whispered to the girl next her. The girl next her laughed boisterously and said: "Oh, never mind your stockings. You'll get used to that."

Everybody snickered then and seemed to pity and scorn the innocent. Remarks were made about "Girls always being awful frightened in their first engagement," "Pretty good bluff to get out of showing that she couldn't dance," "Lucky to have any stockings at all." It all resulted in the girl getting mad and flouncing out of the hall.

"How much do you pay these people?" I asked Markins, two hours later, when the rehearsal was brought to a stormy close after many bickerings and considerable profanity.

"I only promise to pay," he replied. "The soubrette is to get thirty dollars a week and her car fare, of course, but not sleeping car fare. That she has to pay herself. That is the universal arrangement."

"But what if it is necessary to travel at night?"

"Then they are so much out, or they can sleep in the ordinary cars. Great Scots! you don't suppose I lug serio-comic artists in drawing room cars, do you?"

"And what do you promise to pay the rest of them?"

"The leading comedian is to get twenty dollars a week and the other two fifteen. The second lady is to get fifteen dollars and the remaining three twelve dollars each."

"And when do you promise to begin to pay them?"

"After we have been out two weeks. The pay for the first two weeks is held back until the end of the season, to meet any fines that may be imposed or to be forfeited in case they quit me."

"Then they give their time for rehearsals?"

"Oh, certainly! It would be nonsense to pay them for that. They are not doing anything in the summer—can't do anything for that matter—and they might as well rehearse as not. It's nothing out of pocket to them. In fact, they are glad of something to take up their time."

I knew Markins did not have one hundred dollars to his name, and I wondered how he managed to float a theatrical company without some financial support. So I asked, and he told me frankly.

"You see, I first get some letterheads printed. Then I write to a hundred or so towns where there are theaters I can play in, make my dates, and lay out the route. Most any country manager will take me, even though they know nothing of my show, if I offer them a big enough percentage and will come at some time in the season when they are unable to book any big attraction. That's the first point gained. Then I go to some printing house and order my paper. Don't pay for it, mind you, but order bundles of it sent to the first few towns to be played, C. O. D. It gets there a week ahead. The local manager has to take it out and pay for it. Of course he charges it against the receipts when we play."

"So you really beat no one; only get someone else to advance the money?"

"That's all. Then I go to a costumer, order what I want, pay a little cash deposit, and give a mortgage on the first night's receipts for a part of the bill, the balance to be paid in instalments. I notify the company to assemble at the town we open in on the morning preceding the opening night. In that way I get out of paying their car fares. They'll get there somehow, if they have to borrow the price. They don't dare to get mad and throw up the job, for fear of getting no engagement at all. The costumes are there, and we get in a dress-rehearsal in the afternoon. Then we open, the money comes in, and all's smooth. And that's the way I can start out a first-class company on fifty dollars capital. See?"

I left Markins and made diligent inquiry among other theatrical managers. He had told only the truth. Half of the companies to go out this autumn will not be backed with fifty dollars capital, and the salaries Markins promises to pay are also typical. There are some half-dozen well known farce-comedy organizations to which this does not in the least apply. They will stay out all the season and probably make money.

But think of the rest! There are over one hundred and eighty farce-comedy companies now being organized to tour the United States this winter. What an awful lot of walking back there will be!—*N. Y. Herald.*

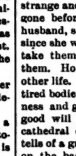
Car 49.

The night before Christmas, at 11-45, car 49 was making its way to the stables on its last trip. The night was bitter cold and the wheels groaned and screeched over the patches of snow and ice and clanked on the cleared rails. The driver slapped his hands on his chest to keep them warm, and the conductor drew his head further into his fur collar and shuffled his feet on the platform. Clank, clank, screech, groan, ding, the brake-chain clinks and car 49 stops to take on a passenger, an old and bent woman. The conductor assists her kindly to a seat. Ding, ding, and the car rattles again on its way. Something in the poor worn face recalls to him his mother, and the conductor shuffles harder on the platform and a tear is frozen on his bronzed cheek. Poor mother! Well, she is better in the land beyond! His hand coming in contact with the bulging sides of his great-coat pocket, his face lights up as he thinks of his good wife and wee ones at home. Clank, clank, creak, it is cold this night. The woman in the car drew her well worn shawl more closely about her tired frame, the noise of the moving car seemed to chance into strange and sweet sounds, voices of dear ones gone before, a vision of the old homestead, husband, sons and daughters. Ten years ago since she was left alone. The Lord saw fit to take them. It is well; ah, it is well with them. How grand Christmas must be in the other life. The same as here, perhaps, only no tired bodies, no sickness nor sorrow, all happiness and great joy. Hark! Peace on earth, good will toward men, loud and joyous the cathedral chimes peal out the anthem that tells of a great Redeemer's birth. The shuffling on the back of the car ceases, the conductor opens the door and comes in. Laying his hand gently on the old woman's shoulder he kindly asks, "Didn't you say you wanted a transfer, ma'm?"

The bells peal out again, Peace on earth, good will toward men! And the government shall be upon His shoulders. The chimes have tolled her transfer from car 49.

CARL AHRENS.

'Varsity Chat.



ND so John King has moved in the Senate that the president and his colleagues do not allow the students to attend lectures without being robed in their academic costume. The reason he gives for this is that it is a "time honored" custom. Now we do not so much object to the wearing of our gowns, but we do not approve of the casualty under which the custom is to be revived. If Mr. King revives all old customs that were time-honored, he will carry us back to the flood. Hazing was a time-honored custom, but who will, on that account, revive it? The endowment fund of the University was for years in the hands of a religious denomination. King's College was entirely ruled by the dignitaries of this denomination, and when the people objected the "time-honored" custom did not have the force desired and the people won.

The reception given to the freshmen the other evening, by the Y. M. C. A., was very pleasant to all who were present. The new boys and girls were introduced to the seniors. I use the word seniors in its college sense, for I have no doubt that some of the first-year students are older than those in advance of them. One freshman whispered to me as he was passing through the parlor: "I never before saw such the bouquets at the senior girls wear. How I wish I could be introduced to those young ladies!" His wish was soon gratified and oh! how he did admire the roses, lilies and—well, I am not supposed to be able to read a freshman's mind under such hypnotism.

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At the first meeting of the Classical Association of '94 Prof. Hutton presided and Mr. W. P. Reeve read a paper on the Comparative Civilization of Greece and Rome.

"Things have changed since I attended the 'Varsity," said a graduate of a few years' standing to me on Saturday evening last as we were going off the field where 'Varsity and the Marlboros had a draw in football. My friend then proceeded to relate how an ex-freshman—a rude sophomore—tried to bluff the whole field in betting. He knew it all and was flush. He lost every bet he made, however, and was not so heavily laden with gold when the day was over as he would have desired. Such men as this ex-freshman should label themselves so that others might know that they were not in the first year.

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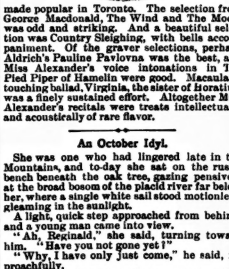
Mr. J. M. McEvoy, fellow in political science, will on Monday evening at eight o'clock lecture in the Carlton street Methodist church on Our Responsibility if we Vote. Many of us will attend, as we have elections of our own annually; besides, we are given to understand that the young people of the church are good-looking. JUNIOR.

Miss Alexander's Recital.

After her return from the west Miss Jessie Alexander received a royal welcome on Friday evening last. The popularity of this young lady needs no better testimony than the fact that she was obliged to repeat the performance on Monday last, and that hundreds were turned away from the doors at the first entertainment. Since she was last heard in Toronto she has added a few more touches to perfection, and her lighter pieces were especially excellent. Her mastery of dialect is wonderful. Her native Scotch, which she used on The Crofan Question, was very fine. In these pieces in a lighter vein, many regretted that she did not give her inimitable A Little Peach in an Orchard Grew, which she first



made popular in Toronto. The selection from George Macdonald, The Wind and The Moon, was odd and striking. And a beautiful selection was Country Sleighing, with bells accompaniment. Of the graver selections, perhaps Aldrich's Pauline Pavlovna was the best, and Miss Alexander's voice intonations in The Pied Piper of Hamelin were good. Macaulay's touching ballad, Virginia, the sister of Horatius, was a finely sustained effort. Altogether Miss Alexander's recitals were treats intellectually and acoustically of rare flavor.

An October Idyl.

She was one who had lingered late in the Mountains, and to-day she sat on the rustic bench beneath the oak tree, gazing pensively at the broad bosom of the placid river far below her, where a single white sail stood motionless, gleaming in the sunlight.

A light, quick step approached from behind, and a young man came into view.

"Ah, Reginald," she said, turning toward him. "Have you not gone yet?"

"Why, I have only just come," he said, reproachfully.

"Oh, you misconstrue!" she replied. "Let me put it differently. Ah, Reginald, have you not gone back to the city yet?"

"Pardon my stupidity, Rose," said the young man. "I have stayed—to be near me?"

"And is it so stupid to be near me?" The reproach was in her voice now—that same reproach.

"Hush—no! not that!" he replied, quickly. "It can not be stupid where you are, Rose."

"Why, can't it?" she asked, gazing ashim with a puzzled look and her mouth partly open.

"Because—because I shan't let it."

He advanced toward her.

Her eyes flashed.

"Not a step farther!" she cried.

He stopped, terrified.

"Why not?" he asked, catching his breath neatly, with one hand.

"Because I prefer to have you come a step nearer," she answered, calmly; and he came a-running.

She gave him her hand to kiss.

"Nearly every one has gone, now," she said, gazing dreamily o'er the landscape; "but I love to remain with the river, the hills, the trees. They are my."

"Ah, yes!" said Reginald, holding her little hand lightly in his own, and fumbling nervously in his vest-pocket. "The trees—they won't leave till spring, and the river—the river runs down to the city every day; but it stays here just the same, it does; and the hills—the hills won't go away; they were raised here, the hills were—they were raised here."

He seemed wondering and nervously excited; but she did not notice, or, if she did, she did not let on.

"But, when we are gone and the winter comes," she murmured, "then it will be cold and dreary here, and silent save for the echo of the hunter's horn. They hunt here, don't they, Reginald?"

He started. "Hunt?" he said; "yes; I'm hunting, and I'll find it yet; I——"

She turned away her face.

"I mean, Reginald, that they come here in the winter to shoot; do they not?"

"Yes; they chute ice into those ice-houses," he said, following her gaze. Then his face brightened, and putting his fingers into his upper pocket he pulled out a gold ring, set with lovely diamonds—one great big one and about eleven little ones, and not so very, very, very little, either.

"Rose," he said, flashing this in her face, "will you be mine?"

"O Reginald!" she cried, blinking, "wire papa."—*Puck.*

THE DRAMA OF A LIFE.

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM,

Author of "John Winthrop's Defeat," "The Stain on the Glass," "Under Oath," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE ROAD.

And East and West, without a breath,
Mix their dim lights, like life and death,
To broaden into boundless day.—TENNYSON.

The horses were impatient to be off, and the young man in the light road wagon, at the entrance to the handsome island residence, held them in with difficulty. A fine-looking young man he was, thirty years of age, wealthy, aristocratic, with a face somewhat too lacking in color for health but evincing a strong, independent nature.

One of the horses plunged, the other replied with a snort and champing at the bit, one slender hoof striking the gravel of the drive.

"Whoa!" commanded the young man, with a firm hand on the lines. A pleasant voice—clear and incisive. "Stand still there, Caliban; be quiet, Macbeth! There is absolutely no peace when you are in harness, until you are free to go. Hello! I say, Hastings! If you're not out here in double quick time these beasts won't stand. It will take a gladiator to hold them, in one minute."

The rattling sound of boots on the polished stairs and through the hall, and a young man, flushed with haste but laughing, dashed out across the piazza, off the steps in one leap and into the gaily painted buckboard beside his friend; a light word of command to the boy standing at the horses heads, a clatter of hoofs on the hard drive, and the light wagon, with its occupants, was whirling away between the low beach wall and the handsomely laid-out lawn.

"I tell you, Price, old boy," protested the last comer, laughingly, "these grays of yours give a fellow no time to half complete his toilet! I couldn't for the life of me tell, at this minute, whether my tie is on or my boots mates or my headgear a hat or night-cap! They're jolly boys to travel, but, by George, they keep one on the *qui vive* worse than a woman!

His companion laughed. The grays were in truth going at high speed, the light wagon swed drive, around the beautiful estate, toward the gate leading on to the meadow road; the soft wind struck to a stiff breeze by the rapidity of their motion, the heavy fragrance from the shrubs and flower-beds drifting by as though it were sweeping over the blue water and across the wide stretch of sound to the ocean far away.

"They're jolly boys, indeed," was the laughing reply. "I warn you, Hastings, before the summer is half over you will forget that there is such a thing as a fastidious toilet if you ride behind this team. I never order them around unless I am ready on the instant. Poor girl! has a wholesome terror of standing at their heads."

"I appreciate his sensations," said Hastings, "if they happen to be anything like my own when I am dressing for a spin with you! Lucey threatens to give warning and never arrange at this particular hour. You do cut up pretty rough, I suppose, all owing to you and your horses, Lee Price!

"Where are Morgan and the other fellows? Not Curtis—no need of asking for Phil Curtis! It goes without saying that he is on the beach or off among the islands with his canvas and brushes catching 'effects.' I think that he would find it much more effective to invest his capital in stocks and bonds instead of paint and canvas. There's big Everett now making a fortune in that line—"

"Yes, there is big Everett," replied Price, laughing. "Intensely excellent pictures. Remember, he isn't Methuselah yet, and art to him is in its infancy——

"For such an infant he is a prodigy; eh, Price? I should have mentioned your motto of a good word for all or silence. Silence instead of charity covers a multitude of sins—with you—old fellow!"

An affectionate voice in spite of the laughter along with the words. A warm glance of regard from the black eyes into the brown. Hastings removed a speck of dust from his coat sleeve with scrupulous care, as though his whole thought were given to that, and Lee Price turned a short word of admonition to the already flying horses; but each understood the other's deeper feeling.

"By the way, I forgot to reply to your inquiry regarding Morgan and Burnside, Tom," said Lee Price, presently. They had left the road over the salt meadows and were whirling along the wide road toward the town, the horses perfectly matched, and with arched necks and high stepping pace, the strong hand on the lines proving that a master hold controlled them. "Morgan and Burnside are out in the Sound by the Old Cow rock just off Navoo, black fishing. I scarcely thought it necessary to tell you that any time was to tell of Phil's whereabouts. They're always fishing, you know. Went out with the tide just before lunch, taking a bite with them, in consequence of which, prepare your appetite for a course of delicious fish, with the fresh flavor of the sea upon it. In my estimation there is no such fish to be eaten."

"Or caught," added Hastings, with a significant shrug of his shoulders. "Those two fellows are stuck on that sport, Price. Never saw anything like them. If the world should turn back in its orbit their sure panacea would be black-fishing. Hello! The deuce! What's the matter with you, Lee!"

The hold upon the reins had relaxed; the hand, so firmly upon them, had instantly before fell powerless upon the lap robe; the young man's face was ashen white, and his lips pressed down as though to silence some cry of agony. His eyes were strained and great drops of sweat started upon his forehead. It was only by marvelous effort that he retained his seat.

"What is it?" Tom Hastings inquired, in alarm, catching up the lines in one hand and throwing his other arm around his companion's shoulder. "Whoa, you devils! Whoa, I say!" for the horses, recognizing instantly another hand than their master's upon the lines, started into a canter.

"By the lord Harry, but I'll pull your teeth out if I cannot stop you any other way!" And by sheer strength of muscle, he brought the animals back upon their haunches with an uncomfortable lurch to the carriage.

"Now, then, my dear old boy, what is it? Judging from your appearance and this minute's experience with the lines, I should say that the horses had pulled the life out of you. Why, man, you're like death. Where is the nearest physician? You should have immediate attention—

Lee Price stopped further protestation by a gesture. With a powerful attempt he mastered the spasm of suffering and forced himself to smile. He reached out his hand for the lines, and it was trembling violently. For a moment speech was beyond him, but otherwise he recovered his self-command.

"It's of no use for you to grab at the lines like that," said Tom Hastings, with calm determination, holding them beyond his friend's reach. "You shall not touch them again to-day. Come, now, you may as well yield to me. I will have my way. Pick up your feet there, you fellows—go! Now, my dear boy, tell me what is the matter with you! I am going to take you at once to a physician, so you may as well tell me first. It'll make it easier for you when we get there. Something extraordinary, let me tell you, to change a man like that. By Jove! For a moment I thought you were dying.

The gravity upon his friend's face silenced his volubility. The horses were traveling at high speed, but under control. If the man's hand was not upon the lines, at least they were under as powerful guidance. The wind fanned the young man's face helped on his recovery. He turned to his companion with a smile that lighted wonderfully his white, grave face.

"Come, old man," said Tom Hastings, quietly. "There's a skeleton in all of our closets and a skeleton under all that. Tell me what that is! I may be of service to you. Is it heart disease, this trouble?"

"No," was the quiet answer, all sign of suffering gone, save the ready pallor upon his face, as young Price reached out his hand for the lines. "I am all right now, Tom. It only lasts a moment."

"You have had it before, then, Lee?"

"Yes."

"And it is not heart disease?"

"No."

After a moment, Price added, slowly:

"I know that I can trust you, Tom."

"Utterly, old fellow!"

"As I say, these attacks are not new; they began two months ago, in a scarcely perceptible manner, but steadily growing worse and more frequent. I have been to expert physicians here and in the city. Not one of them can solve the malady."

Silence, save for the swift thud of the horse-hoofs and the whir of the wheels over the hard street. They were in the town and going at a more sober pace.

"Price," said Hastings, gravely and rather hoarsely, "there must be some cause and some remedy for this disease. How do it happen that we have not noticed it before? How have you endured it?"

"The attacks usually occur at night," replied Price, quietly, "and are most violent then. Only twice have they come upon me during the day, and then I was fortunate enough to be alone; once on the road and once on the road."

"With these horses?"

"Yes; but they are perfectly safe," he hastened to add, seeing the concern upon his friend's face.

"Perfectly safe, yes," was the scornful retort. "Perfectly safe to smash you to flinders if they get a chance, you mean! I wonder you again feel at ease if you ride behind them alone, Lee. Give me your word, like a good fellow, that you will not attempt it. Come, that is easy to grant. Thanks. And you have been to all the best doctors, Price? Every one? And no one can solve it? By Jove! But it's mighty hard, mighty! You were always such a healthy fellow."

By and by he added slowly, the shadow still upon his face, as when first his companion made known the truth:

"I don't like the looks of it at all, Price. It's amazingly strange. If we were characters in a novel instead of real life, I should suspect the possibility of some secret enemy. But that is altogether out of date. Nevertheless, it is queer, to say the least. Is there nothing gives you relief?"

"Nothing—that is, nothing unless it is coffee. I had such attack at Newton three days ago, just before breakfast, and ordered up a cup of strong coffee. It relieved me at once, or the attack passed off of itself at the time; I cannot positively say as to that. What are you going to do?"

"Going to send you in there to get a cup of the strongest coffee you can swallow or the *chef* can devise," repiled Hastings, emphatically, as he pulled up at the Habacamo Hotel. "They'll get it for you. I would go with you, but I hate to remain with these devils. Go in and try it, Price. We'll see how it acts."

"Don't be absurd, my dear fellow!" said Price, laughing, now recovered. "I am all right as it is. How could you tell whether or not it were the coffee when I did not have it immediately? Come. I regret the necessity of having given you this uncomfortable turn, and promise better in the future."

"No, you don't!" retorted Hastings, with unusual sternness. "If you will go in yourself I shall order it brought out here, and that wouldn't be specially pleasant for you in full view of the town. I give you just one second to choose. I'm in dead earnest, too."

Price, seeing that this was true, from one glance into the set face of his companion, laughed with an assumed air of joke at his own expense and entered the hotel. He walked very erect and steadily, a proud, well built figure and a manly face, although the pallor of a moment before deepened upon it as a touch of the old pain struck along his nerves as he sprang to the pavement.

"I'll not be gone long," he said, turning in the doorway. "Keep a steady rein and they're all right, Hastings."

"All right," said Hastings, concisely. "I'm not afraid for them, Lee."

"But I am afraid for you, Mr. Lee Price," he added to himself, with a deepening of the shadow upon his face, his eyes upon the alert ears of the horses; "and when you come out of there I shall escort you to the best doctor in this town and hear what he has to say. I have my opinion, but I should like his also. I'm not so easily turned when you are concerned, my boy. There are too few fellows like you, and we'll bring you through if we can."

CHAPTER V.

A DIAGNOSIS.

We are what we must
And not what we would be. I know that one hour
Assures not another. The will and the power
Are diverse.—*Lucile.*

"Now then, Price, my dear fellow, you see that there is nothing wrong with me," said Lee Price, lightly, as he sprang to his seat beside his friend a few moments later. "It was the sudden sensation of inconvenience, and you do not know how I regret having disturbed you. The truth of the matter is, I presume, that it is so trivial as to make it impossible for any medical man to diagnose. They wouldn't care to offend me by saying it is nothing, so they dress it up in incomprehensible Latin and pretenses of a disease that I never heard of, you know. Come! Where will you go now? Back in the country, to try the mettle of the horses, or down around the Point, or to the beach at Roton, or uptown *via* West avenue, to see the pretty panorama of our pretty girls on the promenade? You're a connoisseur in feminine beauty, you know."

Hastings frowned.

"Look here, Lee," he said, as the horses, champing at their bits, started on slowly, "I consider you my friend. A mighty good sort of friend, too!" he added, and the momentary smile on Lee's face was pleasant to see. "If you have half a dozen of us fellows here at your bachelor quarters for whom the part of host falls upon you, I know, that's all right so far as it goes, but when it comes to your undertaking our entertainment at a time when you are not fit to do it, and then turn pig-headed about it and refuse to listen to a word, that I absolutely refuse further hospitality from you, unless you first agree to my wish. Just as a whim, as a request of one of your guests, if you will, let us get Dr. Graham's diagnosis on your case. It will do no harm and may prove an amusement for an idle afternoon. We will tell him we consider it beyond the skill of any physician, and hear what he has to say to that. He's a good fellow out of his profession, and we'll test him in it."

Price shrugged his shoulders and looked rather irritable.

"Bosh!" he said. "I beg your pardon, Hastings, but no more diagnoses for me, if you please. Choose your road now, like a good fellow, and say no more about it. If Burnside should hear us he would have us in some article at once as Connecticut cranks, and we would make excellent subjects for high colors on little Phil's canvas."

In spite of his easy jocularity, there was a shadow of constraint upon him, through which Hastings felt that he had no right to break. The subject was dropped for the time, and the breeze whirling past them, as the horses gathered speed and dashed along the shadowy avenue, swept away all traces of disconcerting fear, and they were jovial and easy in manner, acknowledging in high spirits the salutations of friends and acquaintances whom they passed.

"If I were not such a good-natured fellow I should certainly be jealous of you," said Tom Hastings, laughing; "you're such a favorite, Price."

"Who knows," said Price, with an answering careless laugh, "but that it is because Mr. Thomas Hastings is with me, old fellow? Such things be, you know."

But, in spite of his apparent indifference and forgetfulness, Mr. Thomas Hastings had firmly made up his mind to discover, if possible, the strange malady of his friend. It was not only startling, but positively threatening in its very inconsiderability. A disease that had a cure can be named. A malady without a name is a mystery. He had witnessed the effect upon Price. No such symptoms could exist, he felt, to himself, without a cause. He would do his part to discover the cause!

He had not the assurance to again mention the matter to his host. It was a delicate subject at best, and he hoped that none of the other fellows would learn of it. Not that they would be any less thoughtful than he, but because it was evidently his friend's wish to withhold the knowledge. They were his guests for the summer, and he would place his own trouble in the way of their pleasure.

That evening Lee Price was especially brilliant. The rooms were awake until far into the morning with the members of the club, and after the exhaustive dinner with its discourses and toasts there were cigars and wine in the parlors and on the piazzas, and rollicking songs, with popular airs upon the piano, and a wild, weird song to the low notes of a mandolin by the host himself. A weird song with plaintive notes along the instrument that seemed to laugh with the song or murmur of pain or rise to wild cries like some wild thing of the woods.

A strange, fascinating performance, and met by applause and an encore. Then the party broke up, and an hour later the house was dark and still in the moonlight, save for the low murmur of the waves upon the beach beyond the wall and glimmer of moonlight over the quiet waters dotted with low, green islands shadowy in the mystery of night.

"This comes of being a bachelor and following one's own sweet will, boys!" said the young host, as he parted from his guests for the night. They were lingering in the upper hall for a few last words. "It is of no use telling you to Morgan and Burnside that I must confess they are especially blest as to their *fiancees*, but the rest of you fellows should follow my example and keep to the sanctum of bachelorhood!"

"If we all had your happy faculty of going in for the best and always winning, may be it would do, Price," said Jim Mayhew, laughing. "Somehow, I'm certain to be miles away when fortune comes!"

"That's your unhappy faculty, Dan," replied his host, lightly. "The wheel of fortune will turn, if you wait and keep a firm grip! Life is a pretty good thing in the long run, you know."

"Oh, come now, cut that, Newton!" protested Morgan, indignantly. "Sermons don't come in pretty-from one good night, fellows. I'm off to sweet repose."

"All the bed and all the clothes," added Curtis, gaily. "That's you, Morgan."

"I might fare worse," retorted Morgan, good-naturedly. "Pleasant dreams, boys!" And a door closing upon a whistled bar from Annie Rooney broke up the conference.

"But I don't propose to be deterred by any amount of high spirits, my dear Price," Tom Hastings declared to himself, emphatically. "If I had not seen with my own eyes, I should be inclined to doubt your illness, but as I did see it, I intend to discover a remedy, if it is possible."

And upon the following day he made the attempt.

To all appearances he had entirely forgotten the scene on the road the preceding day, neither by word nor glance betraying his anxiety. He loitered upon the piazza with a group in conversation with Burnside and Curtis regarding fish and canvas, laughing and joking, idling away the hours, as though time were nothing to him and he had no object but the moment's pleasure.

Not until a half-hour before Dr. Graham's morning office hours could he mount the horse from his host's stables and gallop away upon his errand. But, galloping away, he lost his air of indifference, and was a man with clear duty before him, bound to win.

He knew more of Lee Price's life than his other guests knew. He and Price were college chums, confidential friends—firm friends, now that years had proved them. He knew of the unpleasant relations existing between this man's father and mother during their lifetime; of his beautiful, fierce, leopard-like sister, with her unreasoning hatred for her brother and her intense passion for her lover.

His friend possessed wealth almost unlimited; he, Tom Hastings, a Wall street broker and free comrade, called much less of this world's goods his own, though still fairly fixed; and he never once envied this friend. There was too much shadow against the sunlight, too much of life's bitter drops in this golden cup, to admit of other than intense regard and intense regret for the noble life so darkened.

He was recalling this as he rode along in the crisp air, softening as the approach to town dulled the touch of the sea in the breeze. He was young, and life was a pretty desirable thing to him, and believing in danger from some subtle disease caused him to grow rather gloomy in thought, although he was too thorough a horseman not to appreciate and enjoy the gallop along the hard road this exquisite morning, with a perfect horse beneath him and a perfect sky above.

"A man can't do more than his best," he soliloquized, as he vaulted from the saddle at the physician's gate. "And I'll do my best for you, old fellow."

He was fortunate in finding the physician ready to give him immediate attention, and entered into the subject without preliminary words.

"You know Lee Price pretty well, Graham?"

"Pretty well—yes," was the smiling response, "if a steady friendship for ten years is knowledge, Tom. Fine fellow, too. Worth a dozen ordinary men, let me tell you."

Hastings nodded.

"I know it, Graham. That's why I come to you to-day."

"I thought there could be nothing physically the matter with you," continued the doctor, laughing, as his companion paused, the young man's fine physique shadowing of this remark.

"No," acquiesced Hastings, mechanically. "I came about Price, Graham. I think he has called upon you in relation to my own errand. He has told you that he is troubled by some peculiar malady, has he not?"

"Yes."

A keen flash appeared in the physician's eyes. He was alert and attentive.

"You have been unable to diagnose it, Graham?"

"There are peculiar symptoms," was the cautious reply. "Has he confided in you regarding it, Hastings?"

"He was forced to do so. An attack seized him while we were driving yesterday. Price isn't one to push his troubles on his friends."

"No."

"Graham!" Tom Hastings leaned forward as he sat beside his friend's desk and laid one hand impressively upon his arm. "Price has told you, I presume, how these attacks come upon him?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps I may be able to tell you more than that," was the quiet reply, the eyes of each meeting, and a strange gravity touching both faces. "The attack was instantaneous. He was, apparently, in perfect health up to that moment; then he was like a man stricken with death."

Silence for a space; their eyes, meeting, were very searching and expressive.

"Yes. In just so sudden way, Hastings!"

"He lost muscular power; the reins fell from his hands; he was like one paralyzed. The horses would have cut and run had he been alone. His face was deadly pale, but with a peculiar yellowish tinge upon it. You understand?"

"Yes."

The eyes of each narrowed somewhat in contracted thought, and were very keen.

"His lips were purple; his eyes were glassy, though the pupils were intensely large and dark; sweat started upon his forehead. He attempted to speak, but could not. So far as I could judge, his tongue was also paralyzed. Had I not caught him he would have fallen."

The physician nodded two or three times slowly and distinctly.

"I see. You may help me to a solution of this mystery, Tom. And then!"

"The attack lasted no longer than three minutes at most. In ten minutes he was apparently thoroughly recovered."

"Why do you limit it to mere appearance, Tom?"

"Because," still leaning forward, their eyes meeting, "no one could completely recover from such an attack in weeks, Graham! I know nothing for that."

"Yes. Well?"

"You evidently expect further particulars," said Tom Hastings, involuntarily smiling.

"I do."

"You shall have them. You knew all this before?"

"No. Of course, the subject of these attacks could not describe his own appearance; he could merely give his sensations. I surmised as much, and I know that you came to say more than this."

"I did; you're a keen one, Graham! How should you know a man's appearance by his sensations?"

"That is science," was the amused reply. "But what more have you to tell, Hastings? My time isn't my own, and I have a patient to see in ten minutes, otherwise I should gladly devote a fair share of my life to you. In ten minutes he had recovered, you say?"

"Apparently, yes. It was good fortune that I was with him. Usually, he told me, he is ill in the night when there is no one but his valet to assist him."

"Of course, his valet would not betray him."

"Of course not. He has tried many restoratives, and tried them in vain. He even says that this may not be called that, as he has not tested it until the usual length of the attack was past. The restorative is coffee. Its effect upon him yesterday was remarkable. He did not realize it himself. I was watching him closely, because an idea was borne in upon me, and I wished to test it. When he came from the hotel after swallowing as black a cup of coffee as they could concoct, the pallor was gone and the dizziness with it. The only peculiarity about his appearance was his eyes. The pupils were still startlingly large."

"Yes."

"In my own mind, even without this proof, I should still believe the coffee an efficient factor against this malady of his."

"Why?"

"From his symptoms I drew my own conclusions, Jack Graham!"

"What are the same as your own."

"And they!"

The pause of an instant; a flashing glance between them as both arose, sternness upon each face.

For, in reply, Tom Hastings uttered but one word, but that word to each was the true solution.

CHAPTER VI.

A THOUGHTFUL ATTENDANT.

We are ever behind or beyond or beside
Our intrinsic existence. Forever at bids
And seek with our souls.—*Festus.*

"Hello, you fellows! Here's a windfall!"

"Graham himself, by Jove! What wind blew you here, pray?" demanded Ned Newton, bringing his chair down from the piazza rung and his chair down upon its four legs with a bang, as he removed his cigar from between his teeth and waved aside a cloud of smoke.

"Not an ill wind, surely, for we're all in pretty good health—particularly little Phil here, who has been simply rolling in paint and canvas!"

"And Ned Newton, who has been discovering the law of gravitation by waiting for the apple of fortune to fall into his hand!" retorted the artist, who was sitting astride of the piazza railing, too indolent even to smoke.

Dr. Graham, still sitting in the saddle, threw one leg across the bow and clasped his hands around his knee, laughing. His horse began nibbling the close-cropped grass of the border, the bridle falling loosely upon his neck.

"If wind or gravity is certainly some sort of cyclone, this voluntary visit of yours, my dear Jack!" exclaimed Lee Price, pausing for a moment in the doorway, summoned by the sound of his friend's hailing. "The very sight of you would cure a fellow! By George, Phil, bring your camera and take his photograph just as he sits! No one would averre cognize this indolent fellow!"

"Yes!" Newton added. "Get along with you, Phil, and do the deed before a telephone rings him up to practice! And bring along the rest of the fellows. They'll come if they hear that Graham is here of his own will!"

"Well, I laughed, I was a new sensation to him to be idle, but rather a pleasant sensation, after all.

"Why don't set up a tent and start a show, charging so much a head?" he suggested, jocularly.

"That's not a bad idea," said Burnside, striding across the piazza and reaching out from the top step to strike hands with the newcomer. "Jack Graham, the learned physician! The remarkable effect of indolence upon a man accustomed to action! The greatest Living Wonder of the Age!" That would be devilish taking, Graham!"

"And little Phil here would be another 'taking' subject!" supplemented Dan Mayhew from the hall with striking effect, as the artist preceded him upon the piazza with his apparatus for taking their visitor's photograph.

"Hear! Hear!" exclaimed a laughing voice, as Tom Hastings followed Curtis and Mayhew.

"Hello, Graham! What's the row? Something extraordinary to see you here!"

"That is evidently the opinion of my horse, Tom," said the doctor, laughing, as he shook hands with the young men pressing around him. "He'll have your border shaved clean if you keep him here much longer, Price!"

"He'll have better living than that, if you'll give us a chance to send him to the stables," said Price, laughing. "Come in, old fellow!"

"We'll feed him on milk and honey," interpolated Curtis, with a graphic gesture. "Or the skin and bones of black fish—which is the same thing in Burnside's estimation!"

"And we'll have little Phil paint a canvas-back for him," retorted Burnside, scornfully, swinging himself airily up on the piazza-railing and balancing himself there by twisting his long legs around the carved rods.

"Oh, come now, will you quit your everlasting haggling of each other!" protested Morgan, appearing around the north end of the piazza with two or three dogs about him. "It's nothing but a continual cutting of diamonds between you two! Give them an emetic, Doc, and settle them forever!"

"You'll need an emetic yourself," replied Burnside, calmly. "If you haul in any more toad-fish off the Old Horse Rock, Mr. Morgan! It may be great fun to feel them pull at the line, but they're not specially appetizing game."

"If you fellows will keep Graham in a roar, I shall give up attempting to get a decent picture of him!" cried the artist, in desperation. "I've spoiled two plates already, and I'll send in the bill to you if I spoil a third, unless you quit!"

"We'll render it to the finance committee of the Greatest Living Wonder," replied Morgan, airily. "Unless you make haste with your picture-taking, Phil, you'll have to fetch a plate to carry the remains of the doctor into the house, for he'll fall off his horse from sheer exhaustion."

"If some of you don't smother him, I shall give up!" exclaimed Curtis, angrily facing about.

"What—the ghost!" queried his tormentor, with great gravity.

But before the irate artist could reply, Burnside reached out his powerful arms and caught the delinquent in a close embrace that suffocated him into meekest submission, until the photographer triumphantly announced that he had finished with his subject, and was at liberty to "get down out of that" if he desired.

Graham swung himself easily from the saddle and mounted the steps, while Price drew a silver whistle from his pocket and summoned Jim, the stable boy, to lead away the horse.

"No, but really, boys, all joking aside," said the young doctor, seating himself in one of the piazza lounging chairs and sighing with extreme emphasis, "I've taken a leave of absence from duty—fashionable duty—and—who you will—for one entire week. Hutchinson has taken my place. I was getting desperate from continued driving, so I skeedaddled. If I hadn't,

KEEP OFF YOUR FEET

On wash day. Use SURPRISE Soap, without boiling or scalding or hard rubbing, and have the wash done in half the time, with half the work and twice the satisfaction. Easy enough to see how it works. Try it next wash day. Don't put it off from day to day, but get it at once; now is the time. It is saving in every way.

SURPRISE Soap is pure Soap. READ the directions on the wrapper.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address

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CATARRH

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I should certainly have committed suicide within three days."

"And you confided in us first off! Good boy!" said Newton, tapping him patronizingly on the head with a spray of honeysuckle broken from the vine beside him, as he arranged himself comfortably upon the railing beyond the reach of Burnside's long arms.

"We'll defend you with our lives, and hide you in the water butt if the authorities come searching for you," promptly corroborated Mayhew, leaning indolently against one of the pillars, tantalizingly just out of reach of Burnside, who was vainly endeavoring to choke him into silence.

"Well!" said Price, emphatically, from his seat on the arm of a chair beside Graham. "It is really a secondary matter how or for what you came, so long as you are here, Jack. Your home has gone to the stable, and unless you wish to walk back to town you will be obliged to spend the week with us. What do you say? We will do our best for you, and hope you forget that there were such things in the world as disease and diagnosis."

"Accept gracefully," murmured Newton from out of a cloud of cigar smoke. "You may as well, Graham."

"For when the Mogul speaks in that tone there is no denying him" added Hastings, laughing, although a swift glance passed between him and the guest. "He means business every time when he assumes that voice."

"Oh, but—" began the doctor, in quick protestation.

"There is no 'but' about it," interrupted Morgan, promptly, while Burnside slid from the railing and clasped his firm fingers over the physician's mouth—"excepting the waterbutt, Jack. Yield, and we'll allow you the honors of war."

"Refuse—" added Burnside, dramatically, with a heavy dash in his voice.

"But I hope that he will not refuse," said Price, with a smile.

Graham accepted.

It was a pretty good place to visit, this handsome island residence on the outskirts of the town; and a better host there could not be than Lee Price; generous, open-handed, open-hearted. Even the servants of his household were warm in praise of the young master—all but Conyers, the young master's valet. Conyers was close-mouthed, and said little at the best of times, so they expected no encomium from him. They certainly received none.

Conyers had been with Lee Price for three years, and was faithful to his duties, quiet and obliging. It was as well that he should be a man of few words, his master said, for many servants and attendants were given to too much loquacity. Volubility did not always indicate reliability. So long as Conyers remained faithful there was no fear of his losing his place.

"A quiet fellow—this Conyers," said Jack Graham, indifferently, as he and his host strolled over the grounds, a group of chaps around them, the morning following the young physician's entrance into the lively bachelor establishment. "Where did you pick him up, Price? There's my Halleck, as gossipy as a monkey! Utterly unlike Conyers. You must have advertised for a jewel to get him."

Lee laughed. One of the chaps leaped about him, and he patted the broad, sleek head half-mechanically.

"I advertised for a faithful man," he answered; "perhaps one should call such a jewel now-a-days, Graham! Conyers suits me pretty well. He isn't likely to cheer a fellow with volatile spirits—like Morgan or Newton or those—but if you wish to be quiet, you know, you will be quiet, no matter what Conyers may be doing."

"And I should think, if one were ill or nervous or wakeful in the night, he would be an excellent person, I so," added Hastings, with a careless laugh. "I think I shall have to steal or bribe him from you to place him in some of my sick rooms!"

"I'm couldn't spare him, you know!" said Lee, quickly. He glanced at his companion half suspiciously. "He is invaluable to me when I am ill in the night, Jack. You remember I told you that sometimes I am ill in the night—"

"Yes," said Graham, calmly, as Lee paused, noting the color mounting the broad forehead. "Of course, I wouldn't take him from you for the world, Lee. And, of course, he wouldn't go, no matter how much I might be willing to pay him. I suppose he is perfectly willing to care for you at such times?"

"Perfectly," acquiesced Price, emphatically. "In fact, I don't even have to ask him, Graham. He seems to know at once what to do."

"Remarkable fellow!" said the doctor, coolly, tossing away the stump of his cigar and snapping his fingers with a call to one of the dogs.

"Yes," said Lee, warmly; "so he is, Jack. One does not always find so faithful an attendant. Nothing gives me any relief when these attacks come upon me but clear, cold water or the strongest coffee, and Conyers will go down to the kitchen for it any hour of the night without a murmur. I often tell him to ring for one of the other servants, but he will not do it. It is no trouble whatever, he says, when I object."

"It is a wonder he didn't die young," said Graham, with a careless laugh and shrug of his shoulders. "'Whom the gods love—you know, Lee!'"

"You may run him down if you choose," said Lee, stoutly, "and guy me, too, for that matter, but he is a faithful fellow, Jack."

"Not the least doubt of it, my dear fellow," said Jack, with quiet indifference. "Nor the least doubt that the figure on the wall yonder is the artist. Hello, Pal! What is the effect this morning? That cat-boat over east against the green island would make a charming study of color. Is that what you're at?"

"Yes," said Curtis, glancing up, a slight flush on his face. For he was still sensitive regarding his art. "It makes a telling canvas, Graham. The lights are so vivid, you see."

And melting into conversation upon art, the subject of the faithful attendant died away and was forgotten by one of the two disputants—not by the other.

The week passed quickly away, bringing about the day when Dr. Graham must return to his duties and his patients.

The young men crowded upon the piazza to see him off, for he was a general favorite, and, all talking at once, it was impossible to distinguish any special speech or speaker.

"'All the world's a stage,' and all the men and women are puppets in a drama of fate-well!" exclaimed Newton, suddenly turning upon Morgan, who was using a gigantic handkerchief with elaborate impressment, and slapping him violently upon the back. "Will you stop! He'll appear in the next scene, old fellow; so don't howl too loud—it spoils the effect."

"*Es* peculiy as your handkerchief is disgracefully dry," added Burnside, shaking his own out to its full size with extreme care.

The unabashed delinquent wiped his eyes and then his nose, with tender solicitude. Then, his eyes falling upon the dripping handkerchief in Burnside's hands, he made a sudden and most unexpected dash at him, exclaiming in excessive scorn:

"At least my grief is real, Bob Burnside, while yours cries of the water-butt!"

And, in the midst of the laughter and hubbub following this announcement, Dr. Graham, turning upon the steps as he was descending to where his horse was waiting for him, said one hand affectionately upon the broad shoulder of his host, as he said, earnestly:

"As you have had none of these attacks since I have been here, I am led to believe that you are recovering from them without the aid of any physician, my dear fellow!"

An awkward flush touched for an instant the young man's face. Then he said, slowly, turning aside from the doctor's searching eyes:

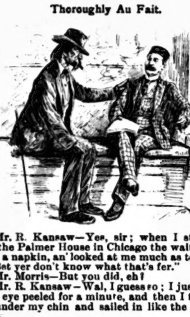
"I was ill—so—two nights ago, Jack, and Conyers went to summon you; but he could not rouse you. It really doesn't matter, though, for Conyers did all that was necessary, and it would have been too bad to waken you from so sound a sleep."

"The devil it would!" exclaimed the angry doctor, shortly, as his hand dropped from his other's shoulder, a frown darkening his brows. "As I am a remarkably light sleeper, Price, it must have been an equally light summons that couldn't rouse me."

And springing to the saddle, he galloped away without another word or one backward glance at the group upon the pool piazza.

(To be Continued.)

Thoroughly Au Fait.



Mr. R. Kansaw—Yes, sir; when I stopped at the Palmer House in Chicago the waiter gin me a napkin, an' looked at me much as ter say: "Put yer don't know what that's fer."

Mr. Morris—But you did, eh?

Mr. R. Kansaw—Wal, I guess so; I just kept my eye peeled for a minure, and then I tucked it under my chin and sailed in like the rest of 'em.

A Worthy Discovery.—A discovery producing the effects which we claim for Father Mathew Remedy (the antidote to alcohol) in producing the welfare of mankind, should mark an epoch in the history of medicine, like the discovery of the vaccine for the prevention of smallpox.

The Jay.

It was at a rather late hour in the evening, about a year ago, that the Pullman car, arriving at the ferry-landing, at the foot of Market street, deposited, among other travelers, a handsome young fellow, broad-shouldered, bronzed, and dressed with much of the air of a stranger about him. This latter characteristic, however, was amply accounted for by the fact that he had just arrived from Northern Mexico and had never before set foot outside his native country. He betook himself to the Palace Hotel, and was sleeping the sleep that comes to a man who has been shut up for forty-eight hours in a drawing-room car after twenty-four years of active life on a cattle ranch.

At seven the next morning he appeared at breakfast, and half an hour later he strolled down to California street and soon found the insurance office of Mr. George Russell, to whom he had a letter of introduction. Fortunately, a sleepy porter was opening the offices for the day, and from him the stranger learned that Mr. Russell, being a young gentleman of fashion and having a nice regard for his personal comfort, would probably reach his office at about ten o'clock. So he left the letter with the porter, and, jumping on a car, spent a few hours in looking about the city.

Promptly at ten, Russell appeared at the office and found, among his letters, the following, from his brother, who, some six months before, had gone down to Mexico to look after his business interests there:

Guaymas, June 23.

Dear Gregory—This will introduce to you Mr. Rodolfo Armstrong, who is making a visit to San Francisco, where he knows absolutely no one. I commend him to your care. Trot him around and show him the town. He is a thoroughly good fellow; his father is one of the leading men down here, having married into one of the old Spanish families about thirty years ago and since acquired several large cattle ranges up in the mountains, and he naturally has no end of money. You need not hesitate to keep him in funds if he runs short (which he is not likely), and if you have any to spare (which is even more problematical), and you can introduce him to your friends and tradesmen, for he does not cheat at cards and his bills with a promptness that is almost reprehensible. As to your fair friends, they will think none the worse of you if you present him; he is good-looking, as you can see for yourself, and as generous as a prince in the matter of flowers or suppers, as the exigencies of the case may require.

Your affectionate brother,

Harry.

Naturally, the young cattleman was received with open arms.

"It is unfortunate," said Russell, "that you make your first visit to San Francisco just at this time. It is the most disagreable part of the year here, and everybody is out of town. You would not find me here if it were not for this confounded business. However, I shall do my best to show you the sights and make your visit a pleasant one. Meanwhile, we may as well go out and get some lunch."

A quarter of an hour later, the two new friends were seated at one of the little tables in a swell restaurant. They had a rather elegant lunch, but judging by the bill, which the visitor would not let Russell look at; and, after that, Russell took the young cattle man around to his hatter's, his tailor's, his bootmaker's, and other shops, where he left considerable orders. In each of these places, as they were leaving, Russell managed to take the shop-keeper aside for a moment and intimate to him that Mr. Armstrong was going to be a very good customer, and that, by the way, "the little account" might be allowed to run a while longer—"one good turn, you know," and much more to the same effect.

Russell took the stranger around to his club that evening, and gave him a very good dinner—very good for a dollar a plate, without wine. Then they strolled into another room and had to smoke *cafe* and a cigar. A number of Russell's friends dropped in, and had a cigar, and the cattleman was formally presented to them. At about nine o'clock they adjourned to the rooms of one of the men, who had an apartment near by, and indulged in a quiet game of poker, with the result that, when the party broke up, every one was "broke" except the young cattleman, who was seventeen hundred dollars ahead—five or six hundred in coin and bills, and the remainder in I O U's.

"By the way, Armstrong," said Russell, as they were leaving, "let me give you a card to the club. You will find it a great convenience, and, besides, you can meet our friends there and get into a little game almost any evening."

"Thanks, you are very good," returned the young cattleman, and Russell's listening friends plucked up spirit at the prospect of revenge, only to become savage and dejected again as he added, "I am not much of a hand for poker. I think I shall spend most of my evenings at the theaters."

Mr. George Russell caught it hot and heavy the next day when he strolled into his club at lunch time.

"Where the devil did you pick up that jay you sprung on us last night?" demanded one. "He had hayseed in his hair and aces in his sleeves, I'll take my oath."

"Did you get out to his diamonds?" snarled another. "Worst taste of any man I ever saw brought into this club. Why, he looks like a country bar-keep."

"Oh, let go!" said Russell. "He's all right. My brother Harry vouches for him—says he's a big cattleman in Northern Mexico and has no end of rocks. But I must confess it is rather nasty—he's ahead about seventeen hundred good California dollars, and if he doesn't care for poker, I don't see how the mischief we are to get them back."

From that evening the young cattleman was marked for vengeance by the joyous band of which Russell had introduced him. They always alluded to him as the jay, and declaimed loudly, even in his presence, on their hard luck in allowing themselves to be "done up in that shape by a rank outsider." He was courteous and kindly, however, constantly inviting the entire crowd to little dinners and taking their jibes in good part. The result was that they made him the victim of all sorts of practical jokes. The third night after his arrival, a boy called him out to a South-of-Market street variety show, telling him it was one of the swellest theaters in town, and introduced him to the distressingly light-hearted young women there as leading members of the Daly company. They pointed out all manner of dilapidated hotel lounges as the eccentric millionaires and powerful politicians of the state. They even tried to get up a pretended quarrel with him, which unfortunately resulted in his knocking the belligerent down. But as he good-humoredly apologized, and insisted on stanling the peace with a supper for all concerned, the affair was soon smoothed over.

There was no denying the fact that the young cattleman was a thoroughly good fellow. He was generous to a fault; and, if he "threw his money 'round loose," it was done without any flourishes. Nevertheless, his new friends made constant remarks to one another about his "confounded presumption" and his "vulgar ostentation." "These jays," they said, "always want to make a display. And it doesn't cost this one much, seeing he does it all on our seventeen hundred dollars."

One day, as Russell was strolling up Market Street, he met a demure young person who smiled at him discreetly, as he would a young person who knows her place and remembers that a lady's-maid, however pretty, is still a lady's-maid.

Russell stopped to speak to her.

"If I am not mis'aken," he said, "I have had the pleasure of seeing those pretty dimples before. Marie, is Mrs. Pollock in town?"

"No, sir," replied Marie; "she will arrive to-morrow evening, but only for the one night. She is coming down from the north, and will stop in town over night on her way to Monterey. I was sent down a day earlier to prepare the house for her and make some purchases."

"Then you are mistress of the house for twenty-four hours," said Russell. "Do you know, Marie, you have quite the air of a fine lady about you, with your pretty face, and your gloves, and your fashionable clothes, and handkerchief peeping out of your pocket. It's a very foolish little handkerchief, too; if I were in its place, I would never try to get out of such a delicious hiding place."

"Oh, Mr. Russell, you're always poking fun at a poor girl."

"No, on my word, Marie, that gown becomes you amazingly. I shall have to tell Mrs. Pollock that you bring out all the good points of her costumes."

"Then I would lose my place, sir, for Mrs. Pollock is none too patient."

"As you say, Marie; I have found that out to my cost—and so have you, in another way."

The maid was about to proceed on her way, when Russell detained her, for an idea had just entered his head.

"Marie," he said, "how would you like to have a pretty little pair of diamond ear-rings, or a gold bracelet, with an M in pearls on it?"

"I would rather have a little gold watch, sir," said Marie, with sparkling eyes, "for a lady's-maid can't do without a watch. If it is anything wrong—you know, sir, I am an honest girl."

"Certainly, Marie; but even an honest girl likes a joke now and then. Now, listen to me. I want to play a huge joke on one of my friends," and Russell proceeded to unfold his plan and instruct Marie in the *role* she was to play.

"Well, sir," said Marie, hesitatingly, "if it were only to put on one of Mrs. Pollock's evening dresses—but to take her name—oh, I never could in the world!"

"Your scruples do you honor, O model of maids, and I share them with you. You can call yourself Mrs. Porter, so as not to change the initial. Now there remains only to find a servant to announce the guests. Haven't you a young man who can do the trick?"

"Yes, sir; but what if Mrs. Pollock should find out and discharge me?"

"How could she find out if you didn't tell her?"

"Well, shall I have the watch?"

"A gold one—a stem-winder, guaranteed for five years."

"With a chain?"

"With a chain—a gold one, too."

"Oh, Mr. Russell, it is very wrong, what you want me to do. But what tempts me most isn't the watch. It is to spend a whole evening with fine gentlemen, who will call me 'madam' and pick up my fan whenever I drop it."

That evening, after posting his friends, Russell said to the young cattleman, who had taken him to dinner, a thing he permitted quite often:

"It is about time you were meeting some of our best families, Armstrong. In order to do so, if you like, I shall take you out to call on Mrs. Pollock, who is going to have a few friends at her house this evening. We can go around to the club and pick up some of the fellows who are going."

"But I am in a bob-tailed coat," objected the young cattleman.

"That makes no difference at this time of the year. But I must inform you of some of our customs. The first time a man is received in a house, it is considered in good taste to make some little gift to the lady to whom he is presented."

"A custom worthy of your Californian generosity," affirmed the stranger. "What would you advise me to give?"

"Well, if were you, I would give a watch—say, a nice little watch and chain."

"A watch! Give a watch to a lady! She would laugh at me."

"That little account" might be allowed to run a while longer—"one good turn, you know," and much more to the same effect.

"Yes, a black an' tan'dem. They don't match for size, but in color they're immense."

"Hello, Sam, I see you drive a tandem!"

"Yes, sir; not forgot.

"Well, I'm sorry, if were you, I would give a watch—say, a nice little watch and chain."

"A watch! Give a watch to a lady! She would laugh at me."

"That little account" might be allowed to run a while longer—"one good turn, you know," and much more to the same effect.

"Good enough!" exclaimed Armstrong. "I'll give a watch."

"Plenty good enough," returned Russell. "If she were not a lady, I would advise you to spend not less than five hundred dollars. But, for a lady, simplicity is the thing."

At nine o'clock the young stranger was the sixth man as they ascended the steps of Mrs. Pollock's house out on California street. A man-servant opened the door in answer to their ring, and silently led them to the drawing-room, which was lighted by a single lamp. Russell and three of his friends nearly fainted with horror as they recognized in the two ladies in traveling dress, who were writing at a table, a little table, Mrs. Pollock herself and her younger sister, Miss Bessie Barton! As to the cattleman and one other—a young rounder named Arthur Clark—they thought they would never have thought of presenting to Mrs. Pollock—they imagined nothing unusual in the situation, for they had never before seen Mrs. Pollock or her sister.

"What a delightful surprise!" cried Mrs. Pollock, a jolly widow of thirty-odd. "Why, you are veritable wizards. We were not to arrive until to-morrow, Bessie and I, and it is only by the merest chance that we are here twenty-four hours ahead of time. How did you find out we had arrived? We have seen no one and told no one we were coming."

"Yes—er—quite so—I shall explain presently," said the badly flustered Russell; then, plunging boldly in, he continued: "but first allow me to present two friends whom—it is not quite usual, perhaps, but—it was a mere chance you knew, the merest chance in the world. And one of them has just arrived from Mexico—such a distance, you know. Mr. Armstrong begs that you will excuse his not appearing *en tenue*."

Mrs. Pollock could not imagine the cause of the intense embarrassment of Russell and the men she knew, who turned white and red by turns, while great beads of perspiration stood out on their faces. Being a woman of tact, however, she thought, to put them at their ease by turning to the young cattleman.

"Mexico is such a distance from here," she said. "Did you have a pleasant journey, Mr. Armstrong?"

"Quite pleasant, madam, I thank you," said the young stranger, with a bow that dated from the last century. Then he drew the watch from his pocket, removed the paper that enveloped it, drew it from its box, and, placing it in the hand of the astonished Mrs. Pollock, he continued, in the midst of a dead silence:

"As I have for the first time, madam, the honor of paying my respects to you, permit me to conform to an old custom—"

"An old custom!" repeated Mrs. Pollock, her eyes wandering over the horror-stricken faces about her. "I—do not understand."

Poor Russell, who by this time had not a dry stitch on him, stepped up to her and whispered in her ear: "Take it. You would wound him horribly if you refused. I shall explain later. The poor fellow thinks he is acting quite properly."

"Truly, Mr. Armstrong," said Mrs. Pollock, "you overwhelm me with your kindness. We San Francisceans are not accustomed—"

Meanwhile Clark thought he was witnessing the farce arranged beforehand with Marie, and was enjoying it all hugely, he was no longer to restrain his admiration, he sauntered over to Mrs. Pollock.

"Gad, girlie, I must compliment you on your style," he whispered in her ear. "Nobody could tell you from the real lady."

"Sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Pollock, with a look that would have frozen any man not gifted with such an utter lack of perception as Clark. But that asinine young person chatted on, airily.

"No, on my honor," he said; "it is astonishing. If I were not on to the whole thing, I would have been taken in myself. Why, with your looks and your style, there's no saying where you'll end up."

A lot of young cattleman, who did not catch much of this scene, his brown eyes were centered on Miss Bessie Barton. Nothing so disposes a man to admire a refined and pretty blonde, as the contrast sight of the dusky women of Mexico, and Mrs. Pollock's sister was a peachy vision of delight.

By this time, Mrs. Pollock, who knew, by long and sad experience, the lengths to which George Russell would go to carry out a practical joke, had got that young man into a corner of the room.

"Well, sir," she said, her blue eyes flashing ominously, "what last folly has that rattle-brain of yours led you into?"

Poor Russell! There was nothing for it but to make a clean breast of it and throw himself on Mrs. Pollock's mercy. At first she was inclined to be angry and turn the whole crew out of doors. But the adventure struck her as droll at bottom, and, beside, Russell and his accomplices looked so utterly pitiable that she judged them sufficiently punished. After all, the young cattleman was the only one who had a right to be angry at this school-boy prank, and that is just what he was on the point of becoming when he discovered the *role* he had assigned to play. But Mrs. Pollock was at all over, for she was a wise as well as a charming woman. She forgave them all on condition that there should be no further words about it.

The young cattleman soon became a great favorite with Mrs. Pollock. She conceived a kindness for him, made him an intimate of her home, and launched him in society, where, indeed, he was presently quite in his element. Perhaps she had her designs in him. At any rate, in the spring, Grace church was the scene of a very pretty wedding which united the lives of her sister, Bessie Barton, and the wealthy young cattleman.

The only one who was not forgiven was poor Marie, who was dismissed that very evening. So in all ages have the lesser ones paid for the follies of the greater.—*The Argonaut.*

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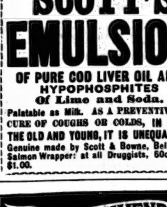

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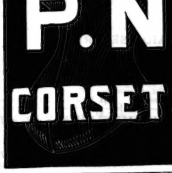

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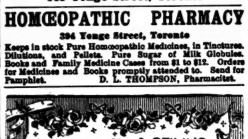

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New Music Just Issued (for Piano)
Little Tycoon Lancers
Pr ce ..... 50c.
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Two splendid arrangements, by Chas. Bohner, from the Little Tycoon Comic Opera, which are unquestionably the best editions on the market. Ask for Chas. Bohner's arrangements.
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A very pretty Polka, and bound to be a favorite.
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One of the finest sets of Lancers ever published
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The most popular set of waltzes ever produced in Canada, and selling by the thousand.
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A Novel Petition.

Margaret M—— is, in all probability, the very brightest little maid of seven years that ever went to Connecticut to spend the summer. But this young lady is far from the type of heroine met with in Sunday school story books; on the contrary, she is spicy enough to stimulate an entire neighborhood, and her quips, pranks, and smart sayings are repeated for miles around.

In common with most frisky children, Margaret has a mamma whose high ideas of discipline and duty often conflict very painfully with her own. Now, as it happened one day last week, this little girl, apparently, climbed over the head-board, in such a very wrong frame of mind did she get out of bed. Everything she did was promptly disapproved, her smallest speech brought correction, and, finally, after she had taken an airing with the ragman through the principal streets of the town, it was decided she had best go to bed and meditate on her sins. In vain, though very cleverly, did Margaret argue the merits of her case; immediate retirement was enforced.

Of course, for such a grievous offender prayer was more than ever necessary, and in the early afternoon the young sinner knelt at her mother's knee for her usual devotions. With real solemnity she put up the formal petitions, and when the time came for asking more personal favors, she raised her hands, saying, most earnestly: "Please, God, bless Margaret and give her mamma more common-sense!"

A Terrifying Subject.

Blinks—I saw a man turn pale and tremble to-day at the mention of the American navy.

Klinks—Eh! Was he a foreigner?

"No; he belongs to the marines and he can't swim."

Perfectly Secure.

Mrs. Tooral—Your cat's such a splendid mouser!

Mrs. Rooral—Yes; she'd make me feel safe without a chair or table in the house.

She Was Proud of It

"Ethel Goodbell brought home a lovely souvenir spoon with her from England."

"I know it; I saw her with him on the avenue, Sunday morning."

Miss Minnie Seligman.

The young lady whose portrait is given below, has appeared at the Grand Opera House for the last two evenings and will appear twice to-day with the Pitou Stock Company. She has been on the stage but four years, and h r

advance to her present high position though rapid, has been, with the exception of one short cut, step by step. She made her first appearance professionally in the New York production of Elaine, in which she had a minor part. She was next engaged as understudy to McVicker's Chicago Stock Company, and chance favoring her, she was enabled one night to undertake the trying *role* of Vera in Moths. So great was her success that Mr. Eugene Field wrote her an autograph letter in which he said: "If the future accomplishes what the present promises, you will be one of America's greatest actresses." After this Miss Seligman secured good engagements for emotional parts, and played the leading female *roles* in several plays, notably Steele Mackaye's Money Mad and Ganter's Mr. Potter of Texas. Last spring she created the leading female *role* in The Power of the Press, a play of Mr. Pitou's authorship. It is said that Miss Seligman's personality is deeply interesting and that she possesses wonderful magnetic power in addition to rare talent, which entirely fits her to occupy her position in perhaps the finest stock company on this continent.

Silk Sealette and Mantles.

Among the many staple lines shown by Mr. Nicholas Rooney at 52 Yonge street, are black silks of every variety, including Bonnet's Perfection and the very best Lyons goods, elegant silk sealettes and the finest assortment of rugs of every description ever shown in Canada. The stock of table linen, towels, linen handkerchiefs, etc., is very fine and a large line of double damask handloom-woven tablecloths and napkins is being disposed of at greatly reduced prices. On the basement floor are shown a great variety of beautiful mantles, bought for cash in Berlin and selling much below regular prices. The large and well assorted stock of Scotch tweeds and woolens of all kinds calls for a word of mention. Attention must also be called to the elaborate display of Nottingham, Belgian and Swiss lace curtains, in which Mr. Rooney claims to carry the largest stock in Canada.

"You don't follow the hounds much in this country, do you, Miss Hawkins?" asked Lord Noodleby.

"No; we have professional dog catchers," replied Miss Hawkins.

Mrs. Kingley—I see your church is going to send away your minister for three months. Isn't that a long time?

Mr. Bingo—Yes, but we need the rest.

C. M. Henderson & Co., the well known and popular auctioneers, have removed, as will be seen by a reference to advertising columns, to the large and handsome ware-rooms on the corner of Yonge and Shuter streets, where they have a magnificent display of articles to be offered at auction.

"What a boon it would be to the Medical Profession if some reliable Chemist would bring out an Extract of Malt in Combination with a well-digested or Peptonized Beef, giving us the elements of Beef, and the Stimulating and Nutritious portions of Ale."

—So wrote the late eminent Dr. J. Milner Fothergill.

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PEPTONIZED

Is the Identical Combination as suggested above

Each bottle contains the product of one-quarter of a pound of Lean Beef, thoroughly digested.

It is the only mild stimulant with a perfect food that is known to-day. The Beef supplies the elements of flesh and blood; the Ale is vigorating and tonic, and the Pepsin is an invaluable aid in the process of digestion.

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Our list of properties for sale comprises houses and lots at all prices in the best localities. The following are a few selected from our list:

HAZELEON AVENUE—116—SEMI DETACHED, 9 rooms, bath, &c. $2 250.

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ST. GEORGE STREET—134—MODERN BRICK house, nine rooms, all conveniences; new brick stable; deep lot. Must be sold. A bargain.

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Intending purchasers will do well to call and see our list.

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18 Victoria Street

"CAED MILLE FAILTHE"

It is our wish that all "lovers of the beautiful" should avail themselves of the opportunity of inspecting our showroom whenever opportunity occurs, whether contemplating purchasing or not.

Whilst prepared to extend every courtesy, we promise that no attention will be thrust upon visitors excepting such as is voluntarily sought.

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Yonge and Adelaide Streeets

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CHILD PIANISTS

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MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE

Club, with Miss Barnard

As Prima Donna in Concert

Next Monday at Auditorium

The Musical Press

State the Club is this

Season the Greatest

Artistic Success

America has Ever Known

Plan opens at Auditorium Book Store, 26 Queen Street West, 10 a.m. Friday.

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Under the direction and management of

SIG. ED. RUBINI

Will be held at

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Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 8 p.m.

Miss Cochrane, Miss Zip Walters, Miss G. Leadly, Mr. Sims Richards, Mr. Mould, Mr. J. Walton.

SIG. G. DINELLI — MISS HARRIS

MR. W. E. RAMSAY

Admission 25c. Reserved seats 50c.

Plan of Hall at Messrs. Whaley, Royes & Co.'s, cor Yonge and Richmond Streets.

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ONE GRAND CONCERT

EDOUARD REMENYI

The World's Greatest Violinist

And the following distinguished artists:

MRS. ALICE RICE, Soprano

MISS EDITH McGREGOR, Alto

MR. W. H. FESSENDEN, Tenor

MISS F. CLIFF BERRY, Pianist

Prices, 50c., 75c. and $1. Front row in Gallery 50c. extra. Plan at Nordheimer's.

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OF

ELEGANT AND COSTLY

Furniture, Pianos, &c.

Will take place at the Rooms

TO-DAY AT 11 O'CLOCK

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"It is the duty that a man owes to society," says our late Premier, "to dress like a gentleman." This fact being universally conceded, as it incontestably is in polite society, the problem for the neophyte entering within the gates of the social world is: How does a gentleman dress? One cannot, in seeking the solution of this knotty problem, enter a tailoring establishment and complacently settle the question by pointing to a roll of cloth in the window exclaiming, "I want a suit of that." There must be method in this desire, and intelligence as well, to dress correctly. Take for example business dress; it is equally as important that the business attire of the man who desires to be called well dressed shall be perfect in design, in fit, and in the harmony of all its parts. Do not fail to inspect the line of Scotch Cheviotts and Tweeds which are provided for business wear this season, and which the Fashionable West End Tailor has just received by direct importation, being equal to anything brought to this continent.

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Polka Polonaise.....Dance and Music
Beau-Ideal Gavotte..... " "
Waltz Minuet..... " "
Waltz Lancers (Diagonal)..... " "

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Misses and Masters (beginners) Saturdays, 10 a.m.

Misses and Masters (advanced) Fridays, 4 p.m.

Ladies and Gents' (advanced) Wednesdays, p.m.

Ladies (beginners) Tuesday and Friday

Gentlemen (beginners) Monday and Thursday

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6 Doors North of Queen

SATURDAY

READERS of SATURDAY NIGHT who have been in the habit of paying fancy prices for

MILLINERY AND MANTLES

will scarcely be caught doing so again once they visit this store and study our prices. We have never seen such beautiful effects as are now within the walls of our showrooms. In the millinery workrooms we employ none but first-class expert trimmers, who are thoroughly trained, so that no Hats or Bonnets are turned out in a rough or half-finished condition. Ladies who have seen our display for the first time have been surprised at the excellence of the goods and the common sense prices.

In Mantles we have an enormous range for Children, Misses and Ladies — every size, every style, beautiful in fit and finish, all marked so as to be easily within reach of ordinary pocket-books.

Dress Goods Department filled with choice novelties in Tweed effects, plains and fancies. Black Cashmeres specially good value.

Send, call or write to—

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202 YONGE STREET

TORONTO

112 YONGE STREET

MISS HOLLAND

Desires to intimate to her customers and ladies generally that, having associated herself in business with MISS DUFFY, long and favorably known in the Mantle trade, they will together open a showroom for MANTLE and DRESS-MAKING in connection with MILLINERY, where ladies may see a large selection of MANTLES, JACKETS and ULSTERS in the newest makes and all sizes, which, together with reasonable prices, will place them in the forefront of the trade. Miss Duffy, being celebrated for her CUT, FIT and FINISH, ladies will find it to their advantage to inspect their stock before purchasing, all the goods being entirely new. The latest designs shown in Paris, London and New York will be found to meet the taste of those desiring fashionable garments for Fall and Winter wear.

Newest styles in Millinery now on view.

GANANOQUE CARRIAGE CO.

100 & 102 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

WHEN wanting a carriage of any description don't fail to call at our repository and see the LARGEST and FINEST display of all kinds of vehicles in the Dominion.

To Contractors

Tenders will be received until the 24th instant for the foundations and masonry work in connection with the erection of a building for the

TORONTO ATHLETIC CLUB

on College Avenue, near McCaul Street. Plans and specifications can be seen and other information obtained on and after Saturday, October 17th, at the office of the undersigned.

E. J. LENNOX, Architect.

T. M. HUNTER

PRIVATE WAITER

201 Adelaide Street West

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

The Hay-Hendrie wedding of last week is still the all-absorbing topic and rightly so, as it will long be remembered as one of the most brilliant events in the social circles of Hamilton. There was a fair contingent from Toronto and all looked very smart in their becoming costumes, the most noticeable being Mrs. Blackstock in white faille with large white hat; Mrs. Baines in brown and yellow looked exceedingly handsome; Mrs. Arthur Brown was resplendent in a beautiful white lesse and silk gown, with dark green velvet hat; Miss Thorburn in gray silk; Mrs. Armour in blue and black; the Misses Dawson in fawn and blue costumes; Miss Bunting, mauve faille and *chiffon*, was very much admired; also Mrs. Boulton in gray. The Hamilton ladies were well equipped. Mrs. Crerar in black and gray velvet looked exceedingly handsome, also Mrs. Alex. Allan of Brockville in a beautiful costume of green brocade of pink roses; Mrs. Sanford wore a gown of amethyst faille, with bouquet of orchids the same shade; Mrs. Wanzer wore a becoming costume of gendarmes blue faille, with a dainty hat to match; Mrs. Bankier, in a gown of gray and white; Mrs. Robert Steele looked well in a costume of cream and brown velvet; Mrs. Russell of Detroit looked charming in white and gold cloth; Miss Lottridge's gown was gray brocade and pink crepe, with passementerie trimmings in gray and blue, and was exceedingly beautiful; Miss Dewar wore a dainty gown of gray and yellow, with hat to match; Miss A. Dewar, in white, also looked well; Miss Garthshore wore a gown of amethyst faille, with gold; Miss Hobson, in a gown of cream, with a large, black Gainsborough hat, was much admired; Miss Dunlop was attired in blue brocade, with white faille and *chiffon*; Miss MacInnes was gowned in cream and gold, with white feather hat; Miss K. Turner wore brown and fawn costume; Miss Wood wore an exquisite costume of cream and gold; Mrs. Stinson looked well in black and white brocade, with a dainty bonnet of pink and silver; Mrs. Barwick of Toronto wore pale gray and white; Mrs. Stuart of Inglewood wore a handsome gown of claret velvet, with real lace; Mrs. Burton was attired in a dark blue velvet gown; Miss Spratt, pale pink and brown trimmings, with brown and pink toque; Miss Harvey wore a Ravenswood costume of chafer brown with white; Miss McGiverin a beautiful yellow brocade, with black jet. The relatives of the bride and groom occupied the first ten rows of seats in the church, and were in the following costumes: Mrs. Hendrie, pale blue brocade; Mrs. Braithwaite of Calgary, whose wedding is still fresh in our memories, wore a beautiful gown of yellow brocade, with white *crepe*; Mrs. John I. Hendrie in a smart gown of nasturtium brown, with black silk organdie, with bonnet to match; Miss Muir of Detroit was beautiful in pale blue brocade and faille, with large blue hat to match; Miss Jessie Hendrie of Detroit, yellow flowered silk organdie, with hat and gloves the same shade; Miss Katie Hendrie of Detroit, cerise brocade and dark green velvet poke bonnet; Mrs. Leggat in chafer brown and black jet embroidery; Mrs. Muir in black silk and jet with little yellow bonnet; Mrs. Hay of Toronto in heliotrope cloth with hat of same shade and feather trimming; Mrs. Davidson in gray cloth and hat to match. All these ladies were very much admired. The three elder bridesmaids gowns were creations of Parisian *courtouriers*. Pale heliotrope satin with a small marguerite dotted over it; their shoes were of the same shade, with small jewels worked on them. They wore little bandeaus of heliotrope flowers and veils. The little bridesmaids looked sweet in white lace dresses and veils, with wreaths.

On Friday afternoon one of the largest teas ever given here was that of Mrs. Garthshore, at their beautiful new residence, Raveiston. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Allan, Miss Katie Hendrie, Miss Jessie Hendrie, Miss Muir of Detroit, Mrs. Glassco, Mrs. James White, Mrs. Walker, the Misses Gillard, Mrs. S. Mewburn, Mrs. Thomson, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. Husband, Miss Dunlop, Miss Hobson, Miss Chapman, Miss Bell, Miss Bull, Miss Dyment of Barrie, Miss Fuller, Miss Ridley, Miss Carr, Miss Sinclair, Miss McGiverin, Mrs. Stinson. The *jeunesse dorie* were present in profusion. Messrs. Hendrie, Gansby, Ferrie, Garrett, Southam, Burns, Bruce, Gates, Biller, Boyd, Carr, Spratt, Bellhouse, Rickets, Harris, Drs. Rennie, Beemer, O Reilly and Mr. Harvey.

The football match last Saturday was attended by about one thousand people and the greatest enthusiasm existed during the match. The men on both sides worked with a will, but our men won by 39 to 9. A great many Torontonians were present. Messrs. Bogart, Benedict, Small, Hart, Montizambert, Boyd, Hartshorn, Hamilton, Mowat, Peller and many others were among those who shouted for Toronto. It is expected that a Hamilton party will attend the match on Saturday at Toronto.

Miss M. Watson is visiting Mrs. McMurrich of Toronto for a few weeks.

Mrs. Lucas arrived home on Tuesday from a three months' trip in England. SYLVIA.

The Oxford, new dance, by E. Baehr. Whaley, Royce & Co.

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The Great Ozone Produces Nature's Disinfectant
Endorsed by eminent physicians. It arrests and prevents putrefaction, leaving no disagreeable odor.
PREPARED ONLY AT
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100 Yonge Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

ASHLEY—Oct. 10, Mrs. Prof. Ashley—a daughter.
AUSTIN—Oct. 6, Mrs. Geo. R. Austin—a daughter.
BORTON—Port Colborne, Oct. 6, Mrs. J. J. Morton—a son.
WATTS—Oct 11, Mrs. Arthur M. Watts—a daughter.
FERRIS—Oct. 7, Mrs. M. J. Ferris—a daughter.
DICKSON—Sept. 29, Mrs. R. A. Dickson—a daughter.
JOHNSTON—Sault Ste. Marie, Mrs. Fred W. Johnston—a son.
NEWMAN—Oct. 13, Mrs. Geo. A. Newman—a son.
BALDWIN—Oct 10, Mrs. R. Y. Baldwin—twin daughters.
RONNE—Oct. 9, Mrs. Geo. W. Ronne—a son.
ROBERTS—Oct. 10, Mrs. Henry W. Roberts—a daughter.
TYRRELL—Oct. 10, Mrs. R. Shewe Tyrrell—a son.
WINNIFRITH—Sept. 23, Mrs. Harold Winnifrith—a son.
PEPLER—Barrie, Oct. 5, Mrs. F. E. P. Pepler—a son.

Marriages.

MARTEN—COE—Oct. 7, John P. Marten to Louise H. Coe.
CHANTER—MAIR—Oct. 7, W. R. Chanter to Annie S Mair.
EVANS—BOLENDER—Oct. 7, Edward S. Evans to Lulu C. Bolender.
JARMAN—CHRISTIE—Battle Creek, Mich., Oct. 7, Wm. Jarman to Fatima Christie.
HAY—HENDRIE—Hamilton, Oct. 7, John D. Hay to Elizabeth S. Hendrie.
LAWRASON—FREEMAN—Hamilton, Oct. 7, J. P. Lawrason to Nellie Freeman.
MCGEE—STACK—Sept. 1, Alex. McGee to Mary J. Stack.
HIME—BORON—Oct. 7, Arthur G. Hime to Alexie Boron.
ROUGH—BEASLEY—Oct. 7, John W. Rough to Lillie M. Beasley.
PARLANE—THACKER—Oct. 7, W. A. Parlane to Katharine E. Thacker.
ROBERTSON—LAW—Aug. 13, W. W. Robertson to Florence Law.
GILLESPIE—WRAGGE—Oct. 8, Walter Gillespie to Constance M Wragge.
BLANSHARD—COULTER—Rich View, Oct. 7, Rev. F. G. Blanshard to Emily V. Coulter.
BOYD—MURRAY—Chicago, Oct. 3, Wm. B. Boyd to Katie Murray.
KITCHENER—HOOPER—Oct. 1, A. D. Kitchener to Hephzibah Hooper.
WATT—BRAIDSHAW—Oct. 12, Geo. S. Watt to Jane Bradshaw.

Deaths.

HACHBORN—Oct. 8, Clara M. Hachborn, aged 26.
DERWITT—O. 8, Alech Dewitt, aged 34.
EASTWOOD—Sept. 11 John Eastwood, aged 79.
GRAINGER—Oct. 9. Mrs. Laura Grainger, aged 73.
HANSFORD—Oct. 12, Mrs. Wm. Hansford, aged 61.
MCCORD—O.t. 10, Mrs Charlotte McCord, aged 84.
STANLEY—Sept 8, Alex. H. Stanley, aged 27.
OLLERHEAD—Oct. 7. Helen H. Ollerhead.
CAMERON—Maybell Cameron, aged 13.
POSTLETHWAITE—Drowned at sea, July 11, William A. Postlethwaite, aged 19
CLARK—Oct. 12, Mrs Maria B. Clark, aged 69.
MCGEE—Oct. 13, Robert McGee, aged 69.
WANTY—Oct. 13, Blanche Beatrice Wanty, aged 8 mos.
WEATHERIE—Oct. 12, Mary L. E Weatherie, aged 41.
LEWIS—Oct 9, Harry Lewis.
BLAIR—Burlington, Oct. 8, George Blair, aged 53.
BARCLAY—Oct 8, Alex H. Barclay, aged 38.
CHARLTON—Vaughan Tp., Fanny Charlton, aged 31.
DAVIDSON—Oct 12, Mrs John Davidson.
WALKER—Beamsville, Oct. 10, Mrs. Jane Walker, aged 75.
ARGUE—O.t. 12, Mabel Argue, aged 9.
YARDWICK—Oct. 10, William H. Hardwick, aged 80.
STANTON—Paris, Oct. 11, George Stanton, aged 88.

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China Fired Daily on the Premises
WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY
WILLIAM JUNOR
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J. A. GORMALY

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To dispose of our whole stock in the shortest possible time we have sacrificed all profits

IN MARKING PRICES

and on many lines have even taken a slice off the cost.

Mantles, Dress Goods and Kid Gloves

are our specialties. Fresh stock. Seasonable goods. Clearing prices.

H. S. MORISON & CO.
216 and 218 Yonge Street

"To be out of the Fashion is to be out of the World"

Fine Plain Jackets	$ 3 to $15
Elegant Hip Seamed Coats	10 to 37
Beautiful Embroidered Jackets	10 to 25
Nobby Fur Trimmed Reefers	10 to 60
Superior Plush Jackets	9 to 30
Charming Spanish Capes	7 to 50
Comforting Evening Cloaks	10 to 50
Superb Opera Capes	15 to 50
Grand Fur Lined Garments	18 to 75

We have brought together this season such a stock of Fashionable Garments as we never imported before. The most fitful fancy and the most extravagant notions can be satisfied, while our stock and variety of moderate priced mantles is larger than any former season.

R. WALKER & SONS
33 to 37 King Street East - - TORONTO

Around the Corner

You will find the great establishment of Harry Collins, where you can get the best assortment of Stoves, Ranges and General Housefurnishings in the city. It will pay you to remember which corner it is around, and it will pay you to find the establishment afterwards; for there, in the best equipped and appointed store in the city, is the finest variety of general housekeepers' goods that have ever been offered, and at prices that will ensure a certain sale. The address is around the north-west corner of Yonge and Adelaide streets, and opposite the Grand Opera House. The name is one of the best known in the city.

H. A. COLLINS & CO.
6, 8 & 10 Adelaide St. West

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And our machines are now cleaning the Costly Carpets and Fine Rugs for the ladies of Toronto

We would like the ladies to give us a call and see how the work is done. We are prepared to do all kinds of cleaning, fitting and laying (no chains or ropes to tear your carpets). Grease spots removed. Open all the year. Orders called for and returned to any part of the city. We have a special moth proof room for storing carpets. Send for price lists. Furniture repaired.

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OUR SPECIAL OFFER
Diamonds Mounted in all Designs
WATCHES AND JEWELERY
LESS THAN ANY HOUSE IN CITY

Cut this out and we will accept it as $1 cash on any purchase of $20. Goods marked plain figures at

GEO. E. TROREY'S
51 King East, Diamond Merchant

THIS IS WORTH $1 CASH TO YOU

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MADAME AMUSETTE'S CELEBRATED TOILET PREPARATIONS

CREME DE VENUS and VANDALINE

EFFECTUALLY REMOVES
Freckles, Tan, Brown Spots, &c.
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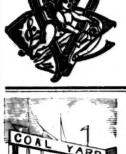

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